

# BitterSweet<sup>75¢</sup>

June, 1978

*The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region*

Vol. 1 No. 8



**Log Cabin Fever  
The Battle of Lovewell's Pond  
in Fryeburg**



Dear Peter-

6-78

an awful thing happened!  
One of my hens got loose and  
hid in the mail box. When Tom,  
the postman, opened the  
mail box, out flew the hen  
startling Tom who kicked his  
buggy into gear; his other  
foot landed square on the  
gas peddle sending the buggy  
full speed down the road through  
Mr. Grumpy's yard scrapping the  
side of the house, tearing off  
the paint, over the yard, through  
flower garden, over and through  
pasture fencing, posts, gates  
and watering holes. AN AWFUL  
SIGHT. Tom a yelling, hen clucking,  
bolts and feathers flying. Finally  
found Tom but never the hen.  
Bert.

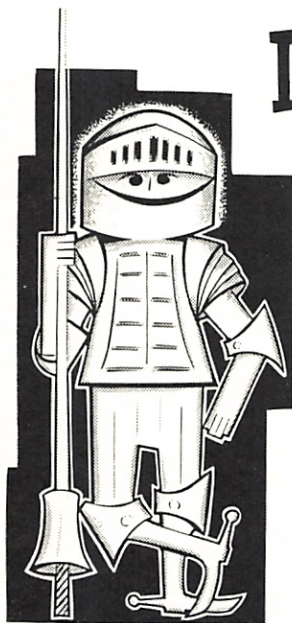


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Dear Bert - it must have been  
a horror show. If Mr. Grumpy  
is ready to talk, bring him over  
to our NEW BARN. We have  
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and farm center.

Sorry about the horror  
show and the lost hen.

Peter.



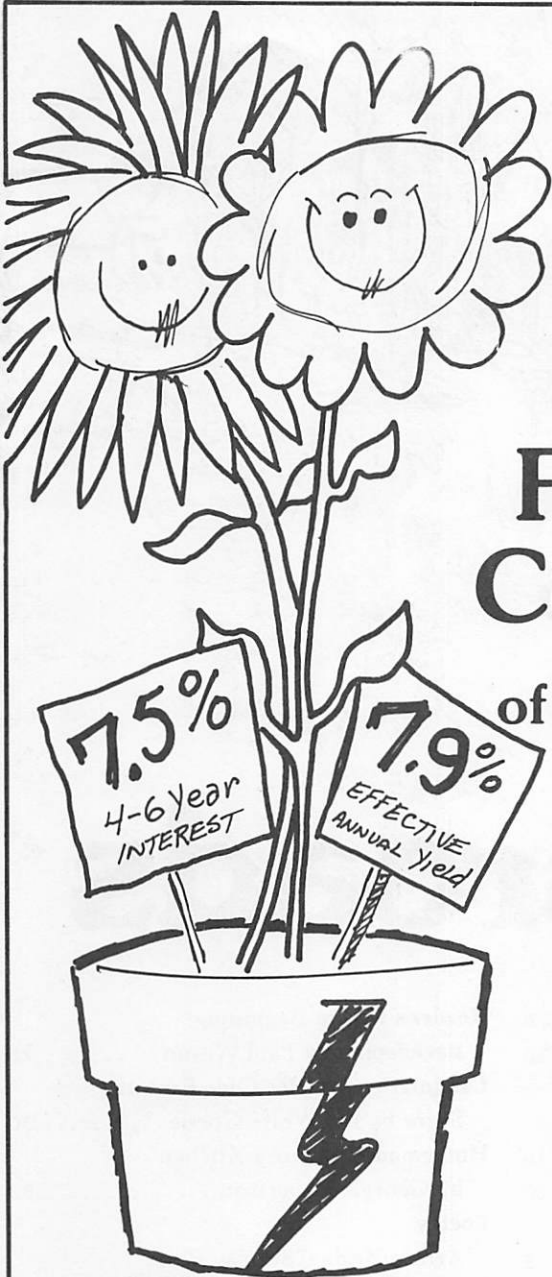
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COVER: Spring Fever by Bill Haynes

Who hasn't had a thought, at one time or another, of going off into the wilds and building a log cabin? The rustic, durable log homes are a revered part of this country's heritage and they are making a comeback.

The rural frontier charm and the rugged durability of the log home make this choice of construction material incomparable. For those who build a log cabin, there is an almost-unlimited choice of design, low maintenance and upkeep and, best of all, affordability.

If inflation seems to keep a house of your own out of reach, log homes are worth a closer look, especially if you can do most of the work yourself.

In this issue of **BitterSweet**, Cathy Flynn talks with three Oxford County families who designed and constructed their own log cabins. None of them had previous experience at carpentering. Ms. Flynn also tells how you can take advantage of a booming concept in log home construction: the precut kit. What do precut logs cost?

How much time does it take to build from scratch? Read about both on page 10.


Associate Editor Pat White Gorrie paid a visit to another New England institution, The Olde Country Store in Lovell, which was recently declared an historic landmark (page 30).

Norway librarian Rosemary Dyer takes time out from her duties to pay tribute to the building's 40th anniversary observance on page 16. Sweden selectman Jerry Genesio celebrates a living source of his town's pride — poet laureate Otta Louise Chase — in a piece appearing on page 14.

We're also happy to be able to share in this issue a fascinating tale of the Battle of Fryeburg's Lovewell's Pond, written by South Paris native Robert Morehead. The piece, which first appeared in *Yankee Magazine* nine years ago, harkens back to a time when a man's hair was as valuable as his land — or, for that matter, his log cabin.

*Sandy Wilhelm*

# HANCOCK LUMBER



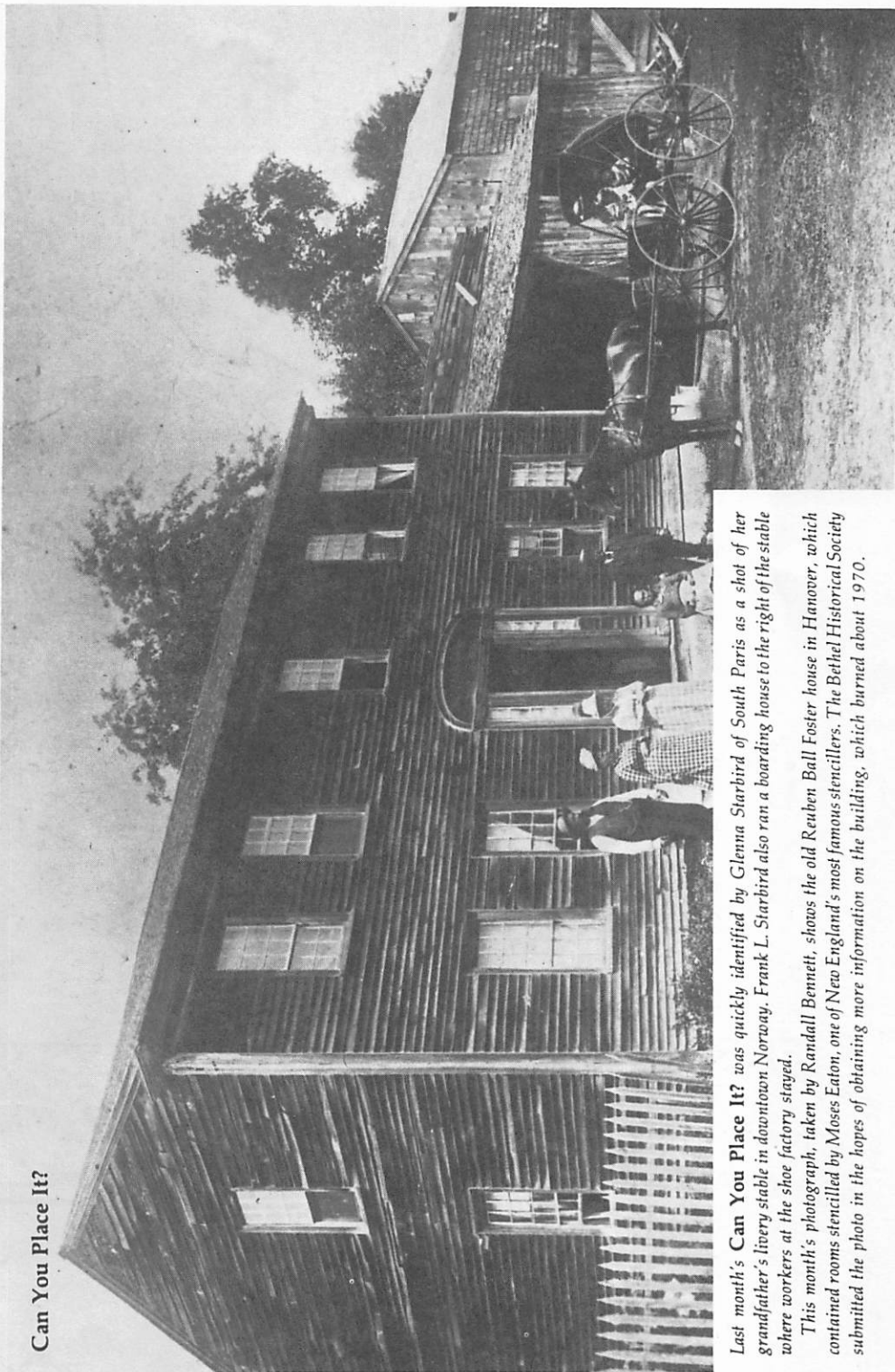
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## Can You Place It?



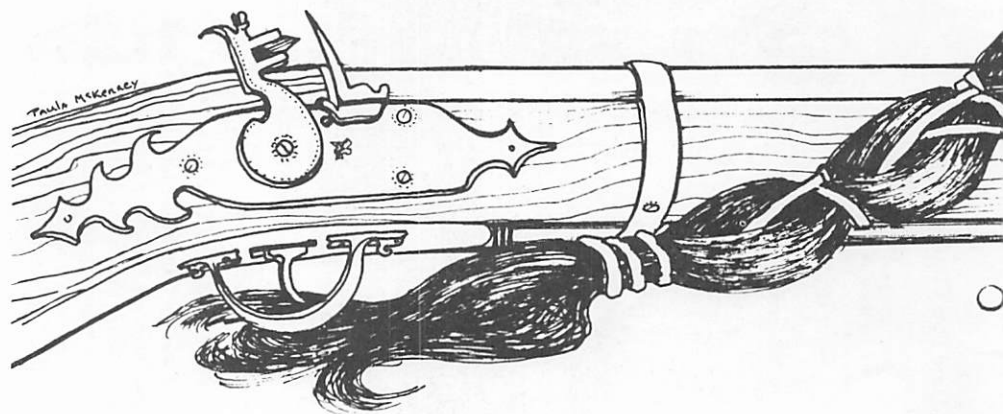
**Last month's Can You Place It?** was quickly identified by Glenna Starbird of South Paris as a shot of her grandfather's livery stable in downtown Norway. Frank L. Starbird also ran a boarding house to the right of the stable where workers at the shoe factory stayed.

This month's photograph, taken by Randall Bennett, shows the old Reuben Ball Foster house in Hanover, which contained rooms stencilled by Moses Eaton, one of New England's most famous stencillers. The Bethel Historical Society submitted the photo in the hopes of obtaining more information on the building, which burned about 1970.

# The Battle of Lovewell's Pond

by Robert Moorehead

Along the New England frontier of the early 1700's a man's hair was as valuable as land or houses...





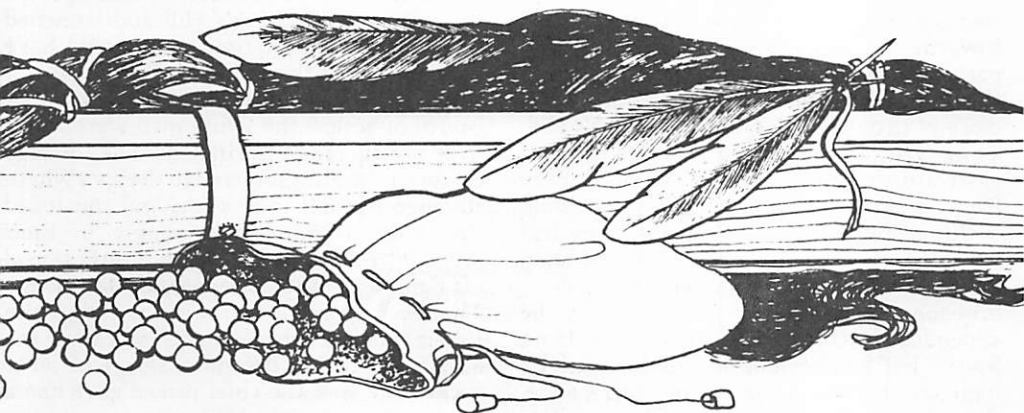
Lovewell's Pond looks not unlike the dozens of other small bodies of water which dot the New England countryside. It is taken pretty much for granted by residents of Fryeburg, who will tell you it was named for a frontier hero who died on its shores in the midst of a great Indian fight. What people do not mention is the role that scalps played in putting Lovewell's name on the map of their town, perhaps because not many of them still think of human hair as a source of revenue these days.

Along the New England frontier of the early 1700's, however, a man's hair was as valuable as land or houses. A scalp hunter from Massachusetts might get as much as 100 pounds from the General Assembly with the French at Quebec ready to match the price. For the English, at least, the bounties were an inducement to clear the area of redmen and make the frontier safe for settlers waiting to push north and east into the virgin wilderness.

It was a bounty of 100 pounds for each Indian's hair which prompted 33-year old John Lovewell and his young friends, Josiah Farwell and Jonathan Robbins, all of Dunstable, Massachusetts, to petition the General Assembly in November, 1724, to raise a company of men. The job they loosely spelled out for themselves was "Indian hunting," producing scalps; and with Lovewell leading, the company made itself 1000 pounds plus the sale of several good rifles from killing 10 Indians in Wakefield, New Hampshire, in January of 1725.

The success of their January enterprise established Lovewell and his Rangers as heroic saviors among the string of little towns which were regularly harassed by marauders from the north.

The protector's role was one which Lovewell and his men readily assumed. Lovewell was commissioned a Captain by the Assembly, and Farwell and Robbins earned themselves the rank of Lieutenant.



That spring, the three men thought they saw a chance to take much of the Indian pressure off the settlements in northern Massachusetts, southern New Hampshire and along the Maine coast; and to make a considerable amount of scalp bounty. It would be presumptuous for anyone, 244 years after the fact, to guess which of the two objectives weighed heavier in the minds of the trio.

The raid for which Lovewell, Farwell and Robbins recruited 45 eager men in April of 1725 was a commando's delight. It called for a daring, surprise attack on the Pequawket tribe's main camp on the upper Saco River in what is now the town of Fryeburg, Maine. Such a raid, it was hoped, would drive the Pequawkets out of the area, northward to French territory in Canada.

As a tactic, Captain Lovewell's plan was ageless and universal military thinking. The element of surprise was what the Trojan Horse was all about, and recent wars have been filled with the example. But Captain Lovewell and the troop of Rangers which set forth on April 16 of that year lacked one necessary piece of information to make their plan succeed — they did not know the location of the Indian village they were to attack. The expedition lost its Mohawk guide on the first day out. When a second member became ill after an uneventful march to Ossipee, New Hampshire, Lovewell ordered a small, strong stockade built to be used as a supply base for the attack.

Dr. William Ayer of Haverhill, Sgt. Nathaniel Woods of Dunstable, and eight Rangers remained at the station with the sick man while Captain Lovewell and a reduced force of 33 men struck eastward towards the Saco River. Two days later the party reached the banks of the wide, slow-flowing stream, and scouted from a high piece of ground now known as Stark's Hill. They saw nothing, and pressed farther eastward to make camp for the night near Saco Pond, now known as Lovewell's Pond.

Unbeknownst to the Rangers, they had travelled to within two miles of an Indian village containing an estimated 500 people — probably one-third of whom could be depended on in a fight. The view from Stark's Hill had been broken to the north by high ground which ran to the river's edge. Behind the hill, out of sight of Lovewell or his scouts, was the village they sought.

"Lovewell's fight at the pond," as it was to

become known in colonial history, took shape the next day almost by accident. The Rangers had spent an edgy night, suspecting several times that they were being surrounded. Early the next morning, they heard a shot and spotted a lone Indian on the opposite side of the pond. A few of the Rangers suspected a trap, and Lovewell decided to give the men the choice of advancing or retreating to await a better advantage. The men favored going through with the attack, although there is considerable evidence to indicate Lovewell and his officers considered a retreat more prudent.

Rather than walk into an ambush, the Rangers advanced until they spotted an Indian with two rifles walking toward them along the shores of the lake. They opened fire on the solitary hunter when he was some 25 yards away but, amazingly, all shots missed their target. The Indian then leveled his own weapons, fired them, and badly wounded Captain Lovewell, as well as another Ranger. Seconds later, however, a solitary and well-aimed shot from one of Lovewell's men killed the Indian instantly. The entire deadly exchange was later described as "speedy as the thought."

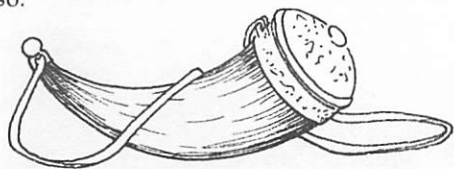
Fate had dealt the Rangers a serious blow shortly before the incident with the Indian hunter. About a mile from where they stood shooting, the Pequawket war chief Pugas and 80 warriors had landed at a spot called "Moose Rock" on the Saco and were portaging back to their village. They had been down river on a hunting trip, leaving their camp covered by relatively few men. Had Captain Lovewell and his men spotted the village from Stark's Hill and launched their attack at that time, they could have easily smashed the Indians.

But now, instead of being victors with a bagful of scalps, the white men were about to be discovered by the Indians. They quickly followed the Rangers' trail to the spot where the men had left their packs and concluded the odds were overwhelmingly in their favor. The shots at the Indian hunter tipped off Pugas as to the closeness of the enemy. The chief wasted little time in picking a site for an ambush, concealing his men along the edge of a ravine behind a series of large rocks. The spot the chief picked gave him a fairly open, pine-studded grove as a near-perfect field of fire.

It was about ten that morning when the



Rangers hurriedly came back through the grove, carrying their badly wounded leader. Aware that the fire fight with the lone Indian had lost them any hope of a surprise attack, they intended to retrieve their packs and retreat entirely from the area. They would be satisfied to maneuver for a day or so.



But as the white men entered the clearing, Paugas' warriors cut loose with their muskets from both front and rear. The smoke had not cleared when the Indians charged, "three and four deep," according to Ensign Seth Wyman of Woburn, Massachusetts, who was to become one of the heroes of the encounter. Despite being stunned by the first volley, the Rangers reacted quickly. They returned a sheet of fire and charged the enemy.

Reports of the opening of the battle, all written by whites, say the Indians failed to injure any Rangers with their first shots. On the other hand, Lovewell's men supposedly dropped nine of the other side's men. (Musketry during the period and for the next 100 years was far from an exact way to kill, which was one reason troops fired in volley. A wave of lead was concluded to be a better bet to do damage than individual fire).

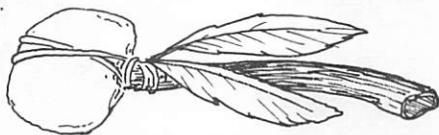
At any rate, the Indians retreated to the ravine and turned four more volleys on the whites, one of which killed the already-wounded Captain Lovewell. Then the Indians charged and drove once more through the grove, capturing the ground on which most of the white dead and wounded now lay.

Sgt. Jacob Fullham of Weston, Massachusetts, was one of the wounded who saw himself being overrun. He lifted his rifle and, at almost point-blank range, killed an Indian running past him. Then, grabbing a weapon which had fallen nearby, he cocked and aimed as a second warrior came toward him. Both fired at the same time, with fatal results to each. The brave dropped on top of Fullam.

The grove became littered with the dead of both sides. Among the whites, Captain Lovewell and Sergeant Fullam lay close to

one another; Ensign John Harwood of Dunstable had been brained by a Pequawket war club, and Privates John Jefts, Jonathan Kittridge, Daniel Woods, and Josiah Davis were all dead. Lieutenants Farwell and Robbins, who organized the Ranger troop with Lovewell, were wounded. So was Private Robert Usher of Dunstable.

Command of the rangers fell to 19-year old Ensign Seth Wyman, who, despite his tender age, was already an experienced frontiersman and a veteran of a number of white raids against the Indians. He wisely spread the order to his 25 effective riflemen to get their backs to the shore of the pond and form a defensive perimeter. Everything considered, it was an orderly retreat to the rear.



Several times during the afternoon, the Pequawkets crept forward "roaring and yelling and howling like wolves, barking like dogs and making all sorts of hideous noises." The Rangers replied with cheers and bullets. Many of the Indians were well known to the Rangers. Paugas, for instance, was cited in colonial history as "The Scourge of Dunstable," having led a bloody raid on the settlement as a younger man.

One who knew Paugas well was John Chamberlain of Groton, captured by the Indians as a youth and later ransomed. He swore the Indian had not been born who

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## ARTIST'S BRIDGE SUNDAY RIVER

Emerson's "rude bridge that arch'd the flood"  
Is cousin now to thee  
For hundreds pass each year  
To gaze at your ubiquity —  
Artists, tourists, fishermen,  
Happen on your span,  
Wondering half wistfully  
If some inhuman plan  
Wed land, mountain, water, trees,  
In one hand-hewn, enduring arc,  
Hard-won tranquility.

Larry Billings  
Bryant Pond

# Log Cabin Fever

by Cathy Flynn



*Susan Record, outside her owner-built log cabin in Waterford*



## The traditional symbol of American pioneer simplicity is becoming a status symbol of the 70's

The log cabin was the typical home of the American pioneer. It was constructed with few tools and all the fastenings were of wood. The log walls were chinked (sealed) with mud and there was usually one door and only dirt for a floor.

Today's spacious log homes are not the crude, backwoods dwellings of yesteryear. The modern-day models combine the old idea of the log home with more recent construction technologies, which result, for some people, in a country dream house.

To log cabin owners, the high-cost, over-materialistic houses of today seem absurd compared to the rational, economic buildings they have built either entirely or partly with their own hands.

"I haven't seen an FHA home I like," concurs Patricia Thornfeldt, a 30-year-old mother of three, about her family's search for a home. "Anything else we could afford didn't have any land with it."

After much research into building costs, she and her husband, Paul, decided that the cheapest way to get what they wanted was a log home they could build themselves.

They found just the right spot on the Jackson Road, off Pleasant Street in Norway and arranged with a logger neighbor to furnish the trees they needed for their 30 x 30 ft. house.

Working every weekend for a year, with their three children (all under the age of 10) helping to strip bark from the logs, the family built their four-bedroom dream house, complete with interior plumbing, for about \$20,000.

That price includes a magnificent Russian fireplace, a unique stone furnace with chimney flues which wind their way to the roof and keep most of the heat where it is needed — in the house. An auxiliary, pot-belly stove for use in the spring and fall is the home's only other heat source.

"You have to spend months talking to people before you can build," Pat says of their undertaking. "You have toicker a lot."

A lucky break for Patricia and Paul came when a friend decided to tear down a nearby stone wall. The Thornfeldts hired a truck to bring the much-needed cornerstones to their site, and hired a mason to build the innovative chimney.

The Thornfeldts bought their wood from a local logger, but a Buckfield family decided to search for land that would have enough trees standing from which to build their log cabin.

"The logs came with the land," says Lee Huey, from the living room of the 25 x 30 ft. home he built on Streaked Mountain in Buckfield. "It made the land cheaper because we got our house from it."

Huey and his wife, Gloria, wanted a home for themselves and their eight-year-old daughter that they could afford on a pay-as-you-go basis. They expect to have their short-term debt paid off by next year. Their investment, excluding the land: about \$4,000.

They started building in early summer and many times the project seemed too much for them.

"I was pulling the logs out of the woods with a Model A tractor in very hot weather," says Huey. "The radiator always overheated and I had to run down to the brook for water after each trip, down and back. It was just too difficult. I ended up using a friend's bulldozer."

The Huey cabin features logs that are saddle-notched (the corner logs fit snugly and extend out beyond the adjacent log). They were lifted into place by a crude block and tackle affair which was strung on a rope between two trees, one on either side of the house.

Because they wanted to move in by November, they decided that it would be much quicker to construct all four walls and then cut out the windows.

"That works fine if you live in the west and have 80-foot-tall Douglas fir trees," Huey admits. "When I got ours limbed up and dragged over here, there hardly seemed to be any straight ones at all."

Thus, he had to cut any pieces of straight lengths he could find and use the short logs to frame in around windows.

"I like the looks of wood," he says proudly. "I wanted a house that I could nail a nail into the wall and not worry about cracking the plaster."

Outsiders tend only to look at the romantic side of living in a log cabin, he and his wife say, and until people live a year with "the

mud, the wood chips on the floor and the pig pail" they really don't know what it's all about.

The house is still unfinished, and Huey says it took him a month longer than he expected to complete the frame. As the cold, rainy September weather approached, even before he had the walls sealed, he began to worry. "I still had the barn and the woodshed to build," he recalls. The barn roof went up in December just hours before three feet of snow fell.

Their comfortable home, which sits on 20 acres with a northern exposure, is famous among neighborhood children for its full-size swing set up right in the middle of the living room. Huey built it for his daughter, Chris, to use while the cabin was being finished around her. The swing so amused her and her friends that it still remains. A new rope will have to replace one that has worn out.

"There were things that I would have done differently if I could have," Huey says. "We used spruce and hemlock trees because that was what was on our property, but all spruce would have been better. It weighs only half as much as hemlock."

There were many times when the two of them ran low on patience and energy, they say, but they have no regrets.

"You know, Huey says from behind a full growth of beard, "I feel good here. We've had some pretty strong winds on this mountain. But this house won't fall. It might lean a little, but it won't fall down."

On an isolated parcel of land off the Sodom Road in Waterford, another owner-built log cabin nestles in the woods. Two of its three occupants are home — Susan Record and her 12-year-old son, Chris.

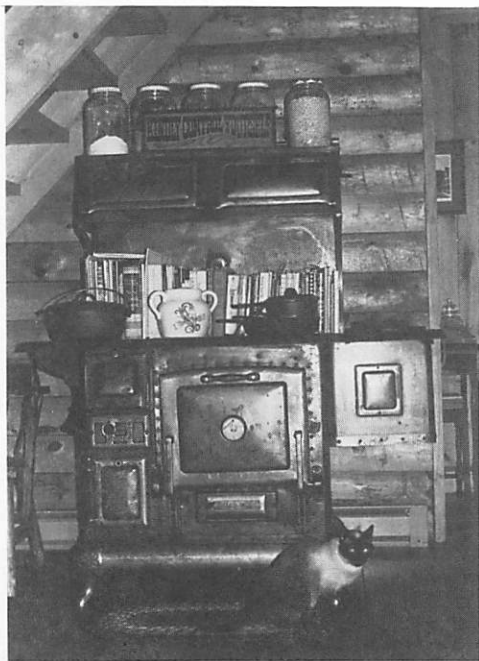
"This is where I came as a child to play and swim," the 27-year-old Oxford native says about the land that used to belong to her relatives. She was locked into a city apartment three years ago when she was working in Connecticut, and she said it was her dream to be able to come back to Maine to live.

"We had no money and we thought we would rot in town forever," she said. Because her uncle gave her and her husband, Kurt, the parcel of land, a bank was willing to loan them the money to build a foundation.

"We were so discouraged because it took all summer to find logs," she said. "It wasn't economically productive for a logger to deliver that small amount of logs (50-60). We even went to Rangeley to look but ended up getting them right here in Waterford."



*Bill and Barbara Graham's Vermont Shire model cabin, Lovell*



It was August before the two of them finished the 12-course cement block foundation they built by hand. Because they were living in crowded conditions down the road, they began immediately to build with the yet unseasoned, green logs.

It was snowing when they put the roof on, but the photos in the Record's family album confirm that the summer was filled with a lot of happy work.

Their logs butt at the corners and are chinked inside with rock wool insulation.

Undaunted in 1974, when the prices of finish materials skyrocketed, the Records just shopped harder for things like second-hand windows and inexpensive, rough-cut floor boards.

Complete with indoor plumbing, a full basement and three dormer windows upstairs, their owner-built house cost \$10,000. They did 95 per cent of the work alone.

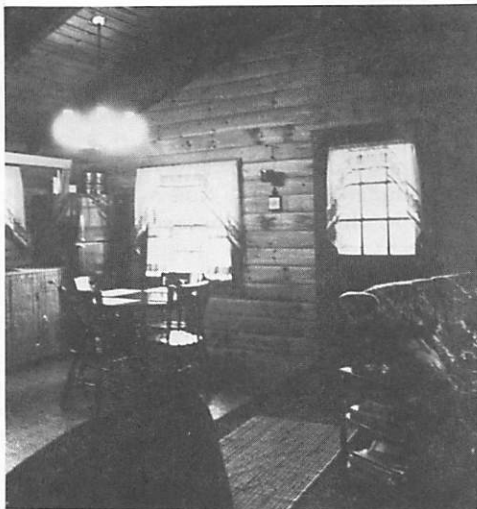
For those who want to take on a little less of the work on a new home themselves, and who are willing to pay for that privilege, the precut log packages are just the thing.

More than 50 companies nationwide now offer precut log homes, ranging from one-room hideaways to ranch-style, two-story and split-level designs.



*Lessco's Walton Model  
Alta Log Home,  
Oxford*

*The Shire's kitchen charm*



Kits containing seasoned, cut-to-order wall logs, doors, windows, floor joists, rafters, gaskets and locking spikes vary in price from about \$2,500 for a 12x18 ft. hunting cabin to \$25,000 and up for luxurious four or five bedroom models. Dealers figure roughly \$12 per square foot for the cost of a log home shell (that means nothing but the exterior walls and the roof). They estimate the finished home will cost about three times the price of the package.

Kits come with mostly northern white pine or cedar logs and are pre-notched to fit snugly so that they are weathertight. Usually, no additional caulking is required. Manufacturers market everything from bundles of logs to shells built by their own

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# Folk Tales

## Otta Louise Chase: Sweden's Sappho

by Jerry Genesio

What, if not a oneness with nature, makes a poet? Such people do not look beyond a tree toward the dismal darkness of the forest, they see the tree. They do not look beneath a flower at the damp or dusty traces of life spent, they see the flower. When it is time to contemplate the brief timespan allotted us mortals, they touch the earth's tegument, sift it through their fingers, and sense something of what has been.

Sappho was such a person, a Greek poet from the isle of Lesbos in the early 6th century B.C., considered by the ancient Greeks to be the female counterpart to Homer. Her poems express adoration, jealousy, grief, scorn, and a host of other emotions that were products of an intense involvement with the world around her.

Otta Louise Chase is such a poet. In addition, she is wife, mother, grandmother, homemaker, Town Clerk, Registrar of Voters, trustworthy friend, good neighbor and concerned citizen. She has, nevertheless, also found time over the years to accumulate and categorize an enviable collection of antique and modern buttons; to accept the winter-long responsibilities of victualer to flocks of totally dependent and annually faithful feathered friends; to crochet and knit; and to maintain active membership in the Poetry Fellowship of Maine, the American Poetry League, the Kentucky and Alabama State Poetry Societies, the Poetry Societies of Massachusetts and of New Hampshire, the International Poetry Society, the Western World Haiku Society, the California

Federation of Chaparral Poets, the International Wizard of Oz Club, the World Poetry Society and the Pine Tree Branch of the National League of American Pen Women, of which she is a past president. She has held membership in the Norwell, Massachusetts and the Sweden, Maine Grange chapters, taking national degrees in that organization.

Otta Louise was born in Salem, Massachusetts on July 8, 1909, the only daughter of Benjamin and Reta Graffam and the first of their four children. She was educated in Boston area schools, graduating from Everett High School in 1927. Two years later, while working for the Boston Edison Company as an ediphone operator, she met and married Hunter E. Chase.

It was during these late twenties, in the decade called the "Jazz Age," that she was crowned the Ballroom Dancing Queen of Greater Boston, defending and retaining her title in as many as thirty contests. Then, as jazz impresarios such as Louie Armstrong, Duke Ellington and Jelly Roll Morton began to slip from top billing and the swinging sound of Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey and Glenn Miller replaced them, the shadows of another World War loomed bleakly over the country. Otta cast aside her Ballroom Crown for the helmet of an Aircraft Recognition Officer, the Hard Hat of an iron foundry worker and the headdress of family chief, assuming the added duties of father and chief advisor to her children when husband Hunter left to serve with the 49th Seabees Naval Construction Battalion.

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Otta Louise Chase

Otta Louise knows well the "grief of parting." Of her three children, only one survives: Donald Clayton, who lives in South Waterford, Maine. Her son Charles Frederick (an Air Force Technical Sergeant and military veteran of 18 years) died unexpectedly of a heart seizure in Taiwan at the age of forty. The only daughter born to the Graffam-Chase union, Nancy Lee, was accidentally drowned on July 4, 1961.

Of such loved ones gone ahead, in a poem entitled "Eclipse," she writes:

*"I lost you to the awful dark, and wept,  
refusing consolation in my grief.  
At length my downcast hopeless eyes were raised  
to see a crescent of returning light:  
and soon the universal brilliance blazed  
a reassuring message through the night.  
Eclipse! I know it now, my love! You are  
not gone forever... just behind a star!"*

and of her husband, in "To My Love":  
*"Both spring and seventeen have taken flight:  
the summer time and autumn have gone, too:  
now winter comes to us and I am quite  
content to walk life's snowy fields with you."*

It is not surprising that Otta Louise has been recognized and listed in the International Who's Who in Poetry, the American Biographical Institute, the book of Community Leaders and Noteworthy Americans, the Dictionary of International

Biography, the World of Who's Who in Women and the Marquis Who's Who in American Women.

Of the Women's Movement, she says candidly, "Those women who take on a job or positions customarily performed by men should receive equal compensation, consideration and recognition under law, but I think women should remain female with all the advantages of being a woman."

Her views have been expressed time and again in poems that have won for her three George Washington Honor Medals from the Freedom Foundation at Valley Forge; and First, Second and Third Prizes too numerous to mention, the most recent of which was a First Prize and \$100 check from the California Federation of Chaparral Poets, Robert Frost Chapter, for a Persian Quatrain entitled "Vintage." Her poetry has been broadcast over the airways and published in many nationally leading newspapers, magazines, digests and anthologies.

In 1973 the Golden Quill Press printed a hard cover collection of her "artistic gems" entitled *November Violets* and the words which appeared on the book's dust jacket are difficult to improve upon:

*"Her poems reflect a charming directness and poignancy that is associated with New England (and she)...displays a deep understanding of human nature. She puts into words the feelings so universal to men and women of this generation."*

The town of Sweden paid tribute to Otta Louise by publishing her poem "Village Viewpoint" on the inside cover of the town's 1970 Annual Report. The poem pays Sweden tribute and clearly indicates the author's love for this, her adopted home:

*"These hills are home.  
The air is clear, and good vacation friends  
Find relaxation in an atmosphere  
Unspoiled by time."*

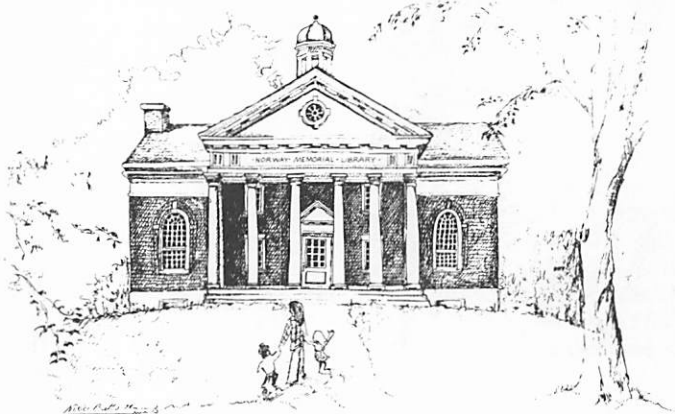
Sweden folks are proud to be able to call Otta Louise friend and neighbor. Their chests swell when they portray the rural beauty and simplicity of Sweden for strangers; and when they proudly point to Otta Louise Chase, their poet laureate, their Sappho.

*Jerry Genesio is a freelance journalist and Sweden Selectman.*



# The Norway Public Library: Fairy Godmother's Gift, Forty Years Ago

by Rosemary Dyer



(When I began researching this article, I had a bit of unusual luck when I discovered that someone else had already done a great deal of digging for me. In our library files is a copy of a paper written in 1964 by Pauline Cohen, a Cleveland librarian and niece of Freeman and Virginia Hall of Norway. As part of her graduate library work, Mrs. Cohen wrote a history of the Norway Library, which served as an invaluable guide through the old library records. To Mrs. Cohen I am much indebted. —R.D.)

A lot was going on in 1938: a war was hotting up in Europe, World's Fairs were being planned for New York and San Francisco, and in Norway, Maine, a new public library was being built.

Now, the town already had a library. Back in 1885 a group of citizens had organized the Norway Library Association and started a subscription library in the old Reformers' Hall. Interest was keen right from the start and the association was formed with a nucleus of two hundred members.

Since dues were only \$1.00 a year, other ways of raising money to support the library had to be tried. Some were successful, such as a library fair which included a baby show and several raffles that raised \$600.00 for the purchase of books. Others, like a

variation on a chain letter in which each participant paid five cents, sounded good, but didn't turn out well.

In 1892, the town voted to take over the support of the library enterprise, and the name then officially became "The Norway Public Library." Two rooms over what is now L. M. Longley's establishment on Main Street served as the library's home. Circulation figures from those early years indicate that the library was well used.

From time to time, the library board of trustees would talk of finding a piece of land and putting up a proper library building, but the money was never available for such an undertaking. So adults and children continued to climb the steep Longley building stairs to get their books, and space inside the building became tighter and tighter as the book collection grew.

This was the situation in the mid-1930's when what amounted to a fairy godmother materialized in the person of Mrs. Gustav Kaemmerling. Mrs. Kaemmerling, a summer resident at the lake, whose family connections to the town dated back well before the Civil War, had planned for some time to do something for Norway, both because of her own love for the town and because she wanted a memorial to her brother and parents. She let it be known that

if the town would provide a suitable location, she would give and equip a library.

As it happened, there already existed a suitable empty space, one that successive library boards had had their eyes on: the Whitcomb lot, near the corner of Main Street and Greenleaf Avenue. Before 1894, a fine-looking house and stable belonging to W. H. Whitcomb had stood on the property. The house and other buildings were destroyed in the great fire of 1894, and the land had stood vacant ever since, growing up gradually into trees and bushes.

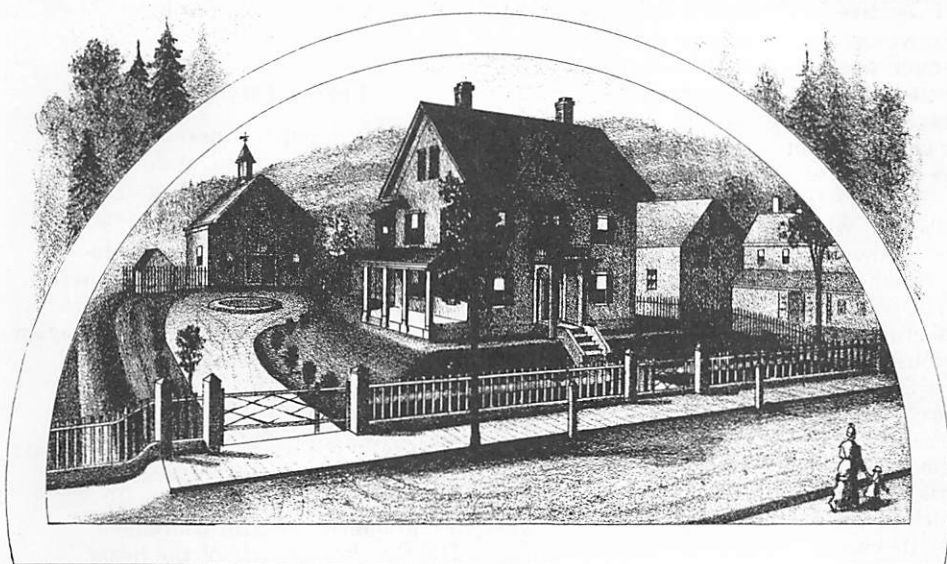
The lot was owned by Miss Isabelle Whitcomb, W. H. Whitcomb's daughter. She had left Norway for Wisconsin many years before, and had never indicated that she meant to make use of the land. The library board in office in 1926 had tried to get in touch with her to see about buying the place, but had gotten no response.

When Mrs. Kaemmerling made her offer to the town, everyone looked to the Whitcomb lot again. Nobody on the board believed they'd have any better luck with Miss Whitcomb than the board had had in 1926; but, to everyone's surprise and pleasure, this time Miss Whitcomb agreed to give the lot to the town for "any public building" provided that the \$2,642.77 she owed in back taxes would be cleared from the books.

The next step was to persuade a good many residents of Norway that they would be getting something very valuable for the \$2,642.77 (a figure which they hadn't a prayer of seeing in cash anyway) and that the maintenance costs of the completed library would not be too onerous for the town to assume. Mrs. Kaemmerling received a very tactful communication from the library, suggesting that the building ought to be endowed, to which she cabled from Europe "increased upkeep guaranteed." At the town meeting of 1937, it was voted to cancel Miss Whitcomb's taxes and accept Mrs. Kaemmerling's gift.

People visiting the library for the first time rarely fail to comment on what an attractive building it is. It is indeed evidence that Mrs. Kaemmerling had excellent taste. Before her offer had even been accepted by the town, she had done a great deal of looking around at library buildings. When she found one she liked — on the campus of a preparatory school in Vermont — she took direct action. The building's architect, William B. Coffin of Boston, was sought out and instructed to design the structure again, this time in Norway. Our building is not an exact replica of the Vermont building, but it is essentially the same Colonial design and plan, modified for public library use.

Philip D. Wight of Norway submitted a low construction bid of \$31,190.00 (forty



✦ Residence of W.H. Whitcomb, Main St. ✦  
NORWAY, ME.

years later that figure looks as if it must be a misprint) and in May of 1938 work was started. By the week before Christmas of that year, everything was finished, the furnishings in place, and the books moved. Opening ceremonies took place on Sunday, December 18, with flowers, music, guided tours, speeches, and a dinner.

What sort of woman was Maude Kaemmerling, besides being rich and generous? It is hard to find any information about her, as she shunned personal publicity, in the manner of ladies of her era. Even the name of the library reflects this modesty: The Norway Memorial Library could just as easily have been named The Thompson Memorial Library.

The bronze plaque in the vestibule gives the names of Albert Thompson, who practiced dentistry in Norway for years prior to moving to Philadelphia before the turn of the century; of his wife, Mary E. Thompson, whose family, the Blakes, had been active citizens of the town; and of their son, Frank E. Thompson, who died a young man.

The newspaper accounts of the library dedication give hardly any additional information than that about the Thompsons. There are pictures of Dr. and Mrs. Thompson — but nowhere in the files is there a picture of Maude Thompson Kaemmerling. She did not want her own name or her picture to appear anywhere in the library, and we haven't even got a family snapshot.

However, we do have a charming short memoir, not much more than a letter, really, written by Maude Thompson Wakefield, Mrs. Kaemmerling's cousin, namesake, and the companion of her later years. This letter was written twenty years ago, in answer to an inquiry from board member Sarah Gallagher, who was planning a program for the Browning Reading Club on the twentieth anniversary of the library.

The young Maude Thompson, as Mrs. Wakefield describes her, was a talented and serious musician. She graduated from the New England Conservatory and later taught there. She traveled widely and Mrs. Wakefield writes of the gifts that came back from her while abroad: "the kid gloves from Paris, the blue sash with the fringed ends which I wore for 'best', and the hand mirror with its beautiful inlaid back which is on my dressing table today."

After the death of Frank Thompson in 1897, Maude gave up her musical career to

stay at home with her parents. Rather late in life, she married Admiral Gustav Kaemmerling of the U. S. Navy, and a few years later saw him and both her parents through long, ultimately fatal illnesses.

Though the outward circumstances of her life were somber, Mrs. Wakefield testifies that Mrs. Kaemmerling was a cheerful woman, serious, but with plenty of humor about her: a good companion.

"Her home life was simple, but well ordered. Meals were at regular hours, and until the last two years of her life she was always at the breakfast table by 8 o'clock with every hair in place, and dressed for the business of the day."

She read widely, kept up with current issues, and, it is sad to learn, her great pleasure in the opera, later restricted to Saturday afternoon broadcasts from the Met, was cut off by increasing deafness during her last years.

Maude Kaemmerling was present on December 18, 1938, to receive the thanks and appreciation of the citizens of Norway. Pictures taken of the library's interior on that opening day show it to have been rather austere compared to the somewhat cluttered rooms visitors walk into today. Mrs. Kaemmerling, I know, would disapprove of the paperback book display placed in front of our handsome fireplace, though as a practical woman she might agree there's no more suitable place to put it.

## THE COUNTERFEIT

What soft deceits (tethered to nerve  
and eager hands) settle at dusk,  
Amid their natural counterparts,  
To tease the shadows of the heart.

Animate shades rise, sipping light  
And bugs. The water simmers where  
The hunter turns, to return the light  
With flashing scales, then, a shade again  
Beneath the mottled mirror's edge.

No song is sung along the nerve,  
No syncopated fugue of heart  
With tethered heart: the trout has heard  
The horses hoof, the cockerel crow,  
The wound and bound bestiary,  
(From which I've built conceits)  
The fly, the gargoyle of the heart.

C. H. Baldwin  
Harrison



The library had about 9,000 volumes in 1938, as opposed to nearly twice that number now, which explains some of the clutter. All of these books were moved into the building under the direction of Mrs. H. Knox Bickford, who had been librarian since January, 1938 and was to continue in the job for twenty-five years. In fact, there's a small group of library patrons who have never really accepted any other librarian, although there have been four since Mrs. Bickford's retirement: Helen Brown, the late Pat Dudley, Alice Dallinger, and myself.

The list of men and women who have served on the library board of trustees includes the names of most of the prominent citizens of Norway. The women, by and large, have had the time to interest themselves in the purchase of books and planning of programs. The men have usually chosen the more mundane but equally as important business of operation and building maintenance.

For many years, new books were bought by a book-selection committee, a leisurely way of doing things. But that was in the days before people saw an author on the Today Show in the morning and wanted his book to read by that night. The trustees, for some years now, have been happy to turn over to the librarian the job of keeping up with, or if possible ahead of, the publishing world.

In the days when books were bought by a committee, nobody took more pleasure in the selection process, or had better taste, than Mrs. William Gallagher. Both Sarah

Gallagher and her husband served on the board; she loved the library, and never missed a chance to promote it.

Many others who have served the library over the years are remembered for their devotion. A trustee who serves several terms will sooner or later fill every office on the board, and leave the stamp of his or her personality on it. When the late Fred Smith, former board president, served as treasurer, I am told, he went over every bill with the librarian and only paid when every dime was accounted for. He did not think he was elected to squander the taxpayers' money.

And there are still people to be found with that kind of feeling, even today, when the idea that "what belongs to everyone belongs to no one" is so prevalent. Running a public library now means constantly looking for better ways to do things, while at the same time trying not to be pushed into accepting the merely trendy.

So we ask ourselves, trustees and librarian alike, what kind of operation are we running in this beautiful building which is carrying its forty years so well?

The original library rules and regulations stipulate that the facilities are to be used by those who would "read, study, research, educate, and entertain themselves."

That was the library's purpose forty years ago, and that's its purpose now. Come in, won't you, and pick up something to read.

*Rosemary Dyer has served as Norway's librarian for six years.*



*Children's author and storyteller Ruth Sawyer conducts a story hour at the library in 1947*

# Hippies

*Fiction by John Meader*

**"Every Maine town had its individuals who really didn't fit..."**

Hippies are nothing new in Maine, only different. And not that different, either. Every Maine town had its individuals who really didn't fit, probably inland towns more than coastal ones, because on the coast you could always jump a passing schooner and escape. But if people didn't fit, at least they had connections — they were so-and-so's odd sister or so-and-so's peculiar uncle. Hippies, on the other hand, drift in from elsewhere, so there's an element of strangeness added on to whatever other exotic fangles they may possess.

But when it comes to Uncle Justin who was always daubing about with machinery — piece of a bean thresher, hunk of canvas out of an auction tent, trying to make it fly — the hippie isn't even that different. The hippie's interests merely repose elsewhere — fiddling with a little marijuana and perhaps some diet pills, seeking not a flying machine but a mind that flies instead. Anyway, all this to introduce a story that really isn't mine.

The story belongs to Nate. But perhaps I can be excused for pirating it, because telling may help to put it to rest.

There was a frog pond on Nate's property and, tragically, a child drowned in it. Those are the bald, lamentable facts; nothing mysterious there.

The property lay in West Sumner on a back dirt road — two fields going back to alders and juniper, and a piece of ridge that had been cut off where fir balsam had sprung up — that sort of thing. Nate had jerry-built a dome for living quarters. It looked like something a flying saucer might have laid.

Nate was basically a solitary parker. He was a refugee from higher education where he'd daubed like your odd uncle, and had migrated to Maine because he couldn't think of anywhere else. But he was also sociable. Perhaps the odd ones always are. They have nothing to hide. It's right out front for all the neighbors to see, while the rest of us keep our loony parts stowed away and only bring them out, like favorite marbles, when nobody's in the house. But I digress badly.

Across a couple of fields and on another dirt road lived a family of Adamses. With five children, the lot of them made do in a fairly new trailer. Jack worked in the handle factory, Carole clerked part-time at the general store.

The children got to prong around a lot. Since Carole was religious, she taught the kids manners; but they were, nonetheless, untamed though not dangerous. All of this, of course, from Nate who knew the children quite well because they socialized with his animals: a goat, pig, and several hutches of

rabbits that he'd bought off me. Since one of the children, David, was mentally retarded, the others looked after him and that sort of sense of responsibility more or less prevailed among the tribe. They came as a bunch.

It was David who drowned. As ponds go, Nate's was next to nothing; merely a depression that stayed wet into July and then filled up again with the fall rains. Some winters kids skated on it, some not. But it was pond enough when full to drown David.

The Adams kids had taken to fishing for frogs. Outfit yourself with a pole, line and hook, and tie a small piece of bright red cloth on the latter and frogs will leap for it as for a fly. Then comes the matter of what to do with the frog. The kids weren't entirely barbarous or senseless and they tried various alternatives. They harbored three or four in a tub behind the trailer. That was as many as Carole would tolerate. Also, unknown to her, they captured a fair-sized black snake and housed it in an egg crate under the trailer. It consumed a frog every three or four days. (Nate made a practice of following the destiny of his frogs, since he didn't want them caught and killed just for the sport.)

And lastly, the kids tried feeding frogs to Nate's goat and pig. The goat said no thanks, but the pig was willing. Nate drew the line here. He wasn't sure he'd eat the pig, but he did know for certain that he wouldn't want to after it had fattened on amphibian. All this seems to run rather long on an inconsequential animal, but perhaps it says something about the parties involved.

The one day when the folks were both at work David was missed, hunted for, and found drowned in the pond. It was Nate who pulled him out, carried him back to the trailer, and called Carole at the store — a shocked and grieved Nate, shocked and frightened children, shocked and bereaved parents.

How it happened is naturally not clearly known. But it can easily be guessed at. Left to himself by some mixup among the children, David had taken the pole and gone to fish. But he'd snagged the hook in some bushes. (It was still snagged when Nate got there.) He waded out to free it, got stuck in mud, probably panicked, then stumbled and pitched forward into the deeper part where he couldn't rescue himself.

There it all might have ended. Nate went to the funeral although he was anti-

religious. He thought about draining the pond, but it didn't make sense — it was only closing the barn door after the tragedy.

But as for making sense, if a sad one, this was where things stopped. Carole began to have dreams. No one knew about them at first. If there'd only been a couple, that might have been considered natural, on account of her grief and her feeling that somehow she could have prevented the accident. But the dreams continued, upsetting her so badly that she told Jack. Then eventually, the dreams still recurring, she took her problem to the minister, a Reverend Barrows. And there, too, the matter might have ended and Nate would never have known, except that the dreams still persisted, driving Carole to utter distraction; to such utter and unremitting distraction that Barrows, pitying her, reluctantly proposed to seek divine help down a route it would seem he had never travelled.

A word of introduction is needed. I'd seen Barrows about town — he was noticed because he had a crest of pure white hair, wore rimless thick-lensed glasses, and walked in a blundering, bellicose way like a near-sighted bouncer. Barrows, who'd arrived several years before from who-knows-where, had developed a reputation and a sizeable following for basic Bible preaching. At David's funeral, according to Nate, Barrows delivered up a service contrasting the heaven to which David had gone with "the other place," and then demanded to know the likely destination of everyone who'd come to mourn the dead boy.

What Nate had to say about Barrows, and what I learned about later events connecting to him, was picked up on several separate occasions, but to make a story out of the pieces I present them more or less consecutively. You can picture Nate and me out in the barn where I'm trying to fix the John Deere's brakes. Nate's dog is sniffing the hens. Nate probably has been, is, or will be smoking marijuana. Not that he's constantly high, but he's been there so often that he might as well be. His mind, or at least the way he talks, tends to make unexpected leaps and tumbles when it's warmed up, like a Mexican jumping bean.

"I see this horse of a new car," Nate said. "And I think, hey, what's happening? Then I see this Barrows dude get on out and I know the scene is going to be very strange. At the

funeral he looked the other way and gagged every time he saw me, so now what's he doing driving up in my yard?"

What brought Barrows can be briefly put — Carole's dreams. Almost every night since David's death, Carole had dreamt about Nate's frog pond. While details differed from dream to dream, one aspect of them didn't. Every night the grief-taken mother heard her son's voice calling to her from beneath the water. As Nate would say and did, "Far out."

Barrows' request was this: he wanted permission to hold a prayer meeting beside Nate's pond. It would be a matter of bringing along some of the congregation some evening soon and "everybody joining in the spirit of prayer" on the belief that...

Well, Barrows didn't incline to come right out and say that a devil, or devils, had been involved. Doubtless he'd seen *The Exorcist*, too, and wasn't eager for the palpitations of that sort of business. "My idea," Nate said, "is he figured devils were out of his league so he was billing this prayer meeting more like group therapy or maybe some kind of a memorial service — throw some flowers on the water — blow a bugle..."

Say this for Nate, he was tolerant, and he was also sympathetic to Carole's plight. As a result, he said sure to the preacher, go ahead

and do your thing. The upshot of this tolerance was that two evenings later a parade of church folk passed through his yard. Nate followed along, partly out of just plain general curiosity (probably there's no worse variety, for it's the kind that forces you to open your cousin's closet door while she's out of the room to answer the phone) and partly, Nate said, because he felt some concern for the pond and its frogs — meaning they weren't to blame, after all.

The congregation, without Carole who couldn't come, but with Jack who thought he ought to, numbered around twenty. The crowd gathered on the near side of the pond. Most of the men wore jackets and ties; the women had on hats. The black flies swarmed so thick, according to Nate, that two thirds of them were held up in landing patterns, like planes, and some, he also said, just plain ran out of fuel and crashed before getting their turn at the exposed skin. The church folk, with Barrows leading, sang "Onward Christian Soldiers." Nate thought he may have joined in. Whether he did or not doesn't matter. But, the very fact that he thought he may have seems to me to be fair evidence for the likelihood that he was strung out, if not actually flipped.

What followed is confused. That's how Nate told it to me, and presumably that's





how he perceived it. But I suspect the confusion really existed and isn't just the result of seeing through Nate's cracked lenses. Perhaps the grounds of my suspicion will be established in the next few sentences. (Either that or I'm in trouble.) For according to Nate, Barrows preached a sermon and then prayed a prayer and then a miracle took place. Barrows prayed, "May any disturbed spirits hearing my voice find peace." And then the surface of Nate's pond roiled and splashed as though suddenly struck by a hailstorm. From the surface Nate saw frogs leap up, take wing, rise into the evening air, and turn into angels.

I said it was confused. Maybe I should have said confusing. In any case the question is what, if anything, did happen? Something did, I'm sure of that. I wouldn't be telling this story otherwise. I don't hold to talking for the sake of feeling the mouth move and hearing familiar sounds come out. I base my belief upon the actions of the twenty or so other people present at Nate's pond. (Nate's perceptions could always be discounted as being those of a somewhat over-stressed hippie.) And those people — some of this Jack told me — they altogether and all of a sudden gave out a sort of congregational moan. Yes, the water did splash and roil. And the congregation moaned. Then they turned and headed straight back for their cars and drove off. And the point of this is that neither you nor I have ever seen a church service of any kind where folks just walked off and left without so much as saying ah-yes-or-boo. They always stand around and talk. So I think they left because they had reason to.

As for leaving, Nate also left. Oh, he stayed around a week or so during which he dropped by my place almost every day. Gave a hand with the livestock. Hadn't much to say except to tell this story, in fragments, muttered and chopped, as something obviously bothering him. Then he sold his pig and gave the Adamses his goat and rabbits. And split. Interestingly, I later heard that Reverend Barrows, in his hammering big car, also left town about the same time. It's amusing, if unlikely, to suppose that Barrows gave the hitch-hiking Nate a lift.

I never asked if Carole's dreams stopped, figuring it was none of my business. I don't know how to end this story, but since it's mine now, and yours if you're still reading it, I guess I'll make it happy by saying Carole's

going to have another child.

*Meador is writing and farming in Buckfield and has never lived in West Sumner.*



## LORE

Reaching heavenward, tall and straight, the majestic pine tree is beautiful to behold. Whenever the wind blows, you can hear a mournful cry whistling through its branches and I can tell you why.

Once upon a time at twilight hour, Indian children danced happily out of their wigwams to play around the flaming campfire. In the shadows, black evil witches spied on the children, awaiting their chance to cast their spell. The children, unaware of the danger, strayed from their elders to the edge of the woods. The witches, cackling with glee, quickly cast their evil spell on the young maidens and braves, and the children were rooted to the spot in fear and transformed into young pine trees.

It was a catastrophe which the Witch Doctor was unable to undo with all of his chanting, dancing and mourning. So, thereafter, the Indians accepted the pine tree as good medicine and put it to special use to aid their people. Medicine was made from the bark and the pitch was used to build canoes. When an Indian entered the "Happy hunting grounds," a huge bonfire was lighted and pine boughs carefully placed on the coals so that the fragrant smoke filled the departed one's wigwam. Boughs were hung all around the wigwam's walls and doors so that the witches could not steal in and harm the Spirit of the dead.

So, when the pine trees sigh on a windy night, it's the bewitched Indian children, sorrowfully mourning for the dead. How would I know? My home is in the pine tree state, and my tepee is surrounded by sighing pine trees and many, many moons ago, someone very special to me, who knew this secret, told me so.

*Georgia Robertson*



# BitterSweet

## Notes:

### AN ATMOSPHERE-BUILDING YEAR

This spring, S.A.D. 17 directors, along with members of the public-at-large, got the chance to assess the district's year-old school health education project — a program which, by all accounts, has gotten off to a startlingly successful start.

Of the 16 locals to receive funding from the University of Maine at Farmington's Health Education Resource Center in order to set up comprehensive school health programs, the S.A.D. 17 location appears to have been one of the most — if not *the* most — successful sites to date.

Director Sue Bell, young, dynamic former Oxford Hills High School biology teacher, credits "total community involvement" for the program's firm footing. There has been close cooperation between Bell's office and Stephens Memorial Hospital, which received a complimentary Kellogg Foundation grant for community health activities this year. In addition, more than 100 health workers, educators, and community volunteers have been instrumental in laying the groundwork for the project. Serving as members of the project's planning committee, the hospital's steering committee or as community readers, the volunteers have spent the past year generating an interest in the concept of community-based health education, garnering support for project activities and mapping out a health curriculum for implementation in schools beginning next fall.

The proposed K-12 curriculum will be aired at a public hearing this week and will be brought before the school board for its approval on June 15. In general, the curriculum concentrates on seven broad areas of study: human structure and growth; health and daily living; emotional growth and development; community health; first

aid and safety; man and his environment; and drug education. The units, thorough, yet flexible, will supplement, rather than supplant the existing school health program, according to Bell.

"A lot of this type of information used to be relayed through the home," she says. "But now, with two out of every three families experiencing some disruption, a lot of kids simply aren't getting taught these things any longer. Like it or not, we've come to accept that the job hasn't been getting done."

"The program isn't out to moralize or to take over the role of the parent, but simply to give out information so that students can come up with their own decisions on issues, with or without the involvement of the family," adds Oxford Hills Junior High School Principal Bill Levesque, an ardent supporter of the plan, which he terms "as central to basic education as anything the school has ever done."

Emphasis will be placed on techniques of values clarification and problem solving, basic skills to aid the development of healthier people.

A community-wide training program in the techniques of cardio-pulmonary resuscitation (CPR), which got the health program off on the right foot last year when a surprising number of people signed up for the six hour course, has been the "cement" which has held the thing together all year," says Levesque. By the end of June, nearly 1000 people will have been trained in the potentially lifesaving technique.

"It's been an atmosphere-building year," summarizes Bell, whose own energy and resolve are also credited by co-workers as big factors in the program's moving so far so fast. "We've tried to make people aware at a grass roots level that there's a lot of ground to cover."

## HERE TO STAY



*Julie Daye and friend*

Julie Daye and her stuffy sidekick, Donald, were out last month to launch the state's muscular dystrophy fundraising drive at the Maine Mall in South Portland. Julie, creator of more than 125 different stuffed animal toy patterns from her home workshop at the base of Sunday River in Bethel, made the Donald Duck design especially for the charity raffle fundraiser.

"But, I made two of him, because otherwise, I'd be lost when he goes," she confides.

Donald spent the winter in Julie's living room display area alongside dinosaurs, weasles and a whimsical pig dressed in overalls and a string tie. All animals are on sale at about half what they would cost in a toy store and, after stints at hair dressing, meat cutting, upholstering and cake decorating, Julie appears to have hit on a thriving business. At Christmastime, for instance, she had more than \$2,000 worth of creatures made up.

"Other toys may come and go, but stuffed animals are here to stay," she maintains. "They appeal to older people just as much as youngsters. Everybody likes to look at something that's different."

"I don't actually talk to the toys," she says, with a smile. "But I'll admit that they do develop their own personalities. They can communicate with you and they can get under your skin."

## BRIDGTON ARTS AND CRAFTS

The newly-formed Bridgton Arts and Crafts Society, Inc. is offering area residents of all ages arts and crafts instruction as well as a place to display and sell their wares, according to Ann McDonald, president of the Society. For an annual membership fee of \$5.00, the society hopes to soon begin offering its 60 members a variety of classes in such areas as pottery, weaving, rug braiding, macrame, tole and decorative painting and embroidery.

The Society's headquarters on Depot Street in Bridgton Center will be open Saturdays during the month of June. Beginning in July, the building will open every day but Sunday. Members will be offered the chance to both show and sell their work at the center.

Some Society supporters will be joining other crafters from around the state at a Craft Fair sponsored by the Society on July 22nd, at Bridgton Junior High School. The fair will feature demonstrations as well as a sale.

## YOU DON'T SAY

In my hometown there lived a somewhat ignorant, though far from stupid man named Peter Perry. He was an extremely likeable, garrulous man with a pronounced French accent. One day he called up the local grain store, which was owned and operated by Judge Rowell.

When the connection was made, Pete said, "Hello, is this Judge Rowell?"

The judge answered, "Yes, this is Judge Rowell."

Then Pete said, "Well, send me up a bag of grain."

The Judge asked, "Who for?" and Pete answered, "For my hoss, you dang fool."

*Harold A. Bean  
Norway*

# Making It

## Norway's Renaissance Lute Shoppe

About three years ago, Neil Laurent stopped by Norway's Renaissance Lute Shop to get his guitar repaired. Before long, he was sole owner of the store.

"It was what you could call a quick takeover," says the affable, bearded musician, guitarist with the local rock band *Hotel*. "I'd been looking for a way to combine working with my hands and working with music and this seemed to be it."

The name *Renaissance Lute Shop* was derived from a book on music methodology, and the compact second floor store on the town's main street actually has very little to do with lutes, says Laurent. What the place does offer is a variety of musical instruments (including guitars ranging in price from \$27 to \$1000), strings, sheet music and an extensive repair operation.

Although he admits that sticking a music shop in a small town like Norway is a bit like sending an aspiring actress to Waterville to be discovered, Laurent says he's been able to build a reputation for the store, even though it's off the beaten track, through word of mouth among musicians scattered around the northeast. He believes the shop offers local customers the chance to have quality instrument work done at a place nearby in a short amount of time and at reasonable prices.

Laurent makes no bones about the fact that he prefers repair work to retail sales, confiding that he'd rather "work with my

hands than work with my mouth." But the business background he acquired as a college student here in Maine has, nevertheless, served him well. The shop has continued to grow during its three years under Laurent's tutelage, despite four changes of location, the last of which was forced by an extensive fire.

Some of Laurent's business dealings have been a bit unorthodox.

"I'm a great barterer," he admits, with a grin. "I've traded everything from chickens to canoes in return for repair work."

Laurent says he is proudest of his self-acquired skill at refretting, the replacement of the ridges set across the fingerboards of stringed instruments. He enjoys working on violins the most, he says, because each part of the instrument is so important to the total sound produced.

But, even the repair work carried out in a cluttered room adjoining the shop's sales area is merely groundwork for Laurent's ultimate goal — the crafting of custom, handmade instruments.

"Building an instrument to sell is a chance to work on something from start to finish and then find someone sensitive enough to appreciate your work," he explains.

It's a tedious task. Co-worker Rick Smith, who signed on at the shop a few months ago, after training in instrument-making out west, has already invested 150 hours in his hand-built classical guitar. Each piece of the



instrument must be cut to specifications, with the body built first and then the neck and fingerboard added. Bracing on the top and back of the instrument adds strength and helps to channel the sound, a crucial ingredient of the end product.

Most important, says Laurent, is the quality of the wood used to build the instrument. Rosewood and mahogany offer the richest, deepest sound, after an aging process of at least two years, he says.

The finish, too, has an important effect on the final sound. Lacquer and varnish are preferable to the increasingly popular polyurethane products because they age better and offer a mellower tone, according to Laurent. But, the thick, hard polyurethane finish is often used instead these days because it is easy to apply and "looks good," he says.

Because of the care required to turn out instruments by hand and the enormous amount of time involved, the products are so expensive they are often outside the financial grasp of all but a select few. Although Laurent and Smith say they'll be trying to sell their work for under \$1,000, they recognize that even at that price, the local market is limited. But, by selling the guitars throughout New England, they believe they'll be able to make a go of it.

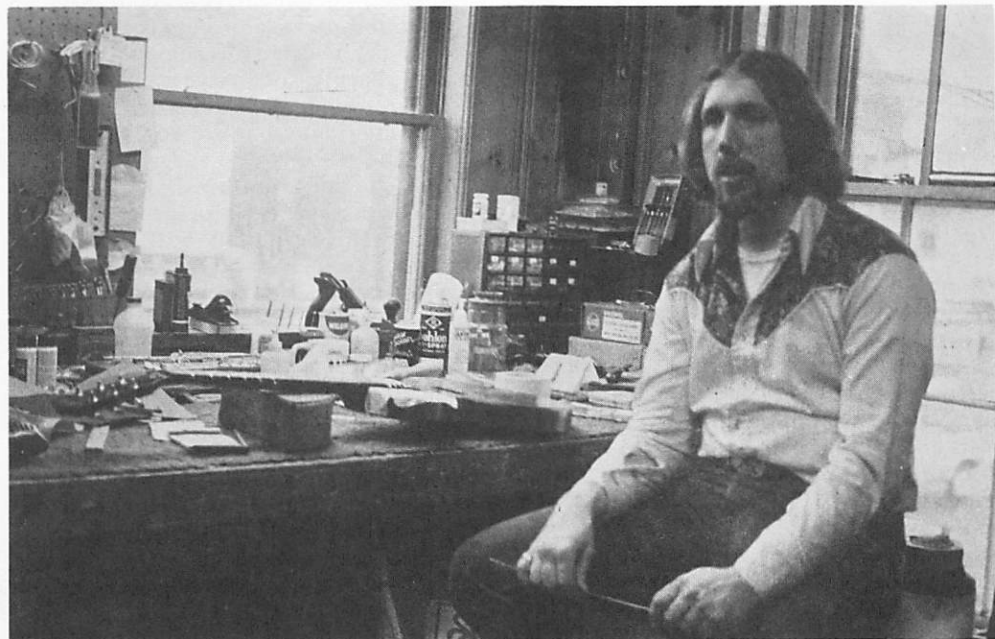
"Twenty years ago, it was the piano. Then, about ten years ago, it was the accordeon," says Laurent, who plays the drums, mandolin and lap steel in addition to the guitar.

Now the rage is clunker banjos, dulcimers and guitars, he says. Even though the area is a far cry from a focal point for professionals, the number of proficient musicians hiding away in the hills would surprise you, he maintains. And, the current renewed interest in homegrown, traditional music is right in tune with local players.

Part of their confidence stems from what they view as a resurgence of interest in music, particularly in that of a traditional type.

At a recent old-time music contest held at the Turner Grange, for instance, nearly two dozen people turned out to compete for the \$150 in prize money on harmonicas, fiddles, dulcimers, banjos, concertinas, flutes and auto harps. The music was sensational.

"Music takes your mind off your troubles," says Laurent of the recent phenomenon. "Musicians have always done well in times of economic hardship, like during the depression years, and they always will."



Neil Laurent at work

# Readers' Room

## Begining Beekeeping

by Paul Wilson

**"Some beekeepers have even been known to get stung."**

It has been said that bee stings are good for arthritis. I don't know about arthritis, but I do know that bee stings do unbelievable things for a person recovering from broken bones.

Last year about this time, I was recuperating from a broken leg. One or more of my gentle beehives needed an extra super (a box of combs), so I hobbled out on my cane with the new super under my arm, removed the cover from this "gentle" hive, without wearing my protective equipment, and discovered that I had made a bad mistake. This day, these bees were downright feisty!

To make a long story short, I quietly discovered that my leg miraculously became much better and that I was able to get along very nicely without my cane. My wife, Marie, told me that I cleared the second fence at a dead run! At any rate, I did manage to outdistance the bees with only two or three stings.

Although keeping bees here in Maine has its lighter moments (mostly in hindsight), it requires a certain amount of knowledge and experience if someone is to be successful at it.

Most people start out by buying a beehive from Montgomery Ward, Root, Dadant or some such supplier. The photo accompanying the order shows two modern beehives; a series of boxes, called supers, stacked one on top of the other. The hive rests on "bottom board," which also serves as its main entrance, and is topped with a cover, which keeps out the weather. Each super contains either nine or ten hanging combs called frames. Such a hive enables the beekeeper to control the bees by adding or taking away supers to enlarge or reduce the size of the hive. He may also manipulate the

frames of brood (baby bees) and honey to check for disease or reduce crowding of the hive.

Having purchased and assembled a hive, one needs bees to put in it. These are usually purchased in the spring in three-pound packages from bee suppliers in the South. However, there is a small problem in obtaining packaged bees since, while bee suppliers guarantee live delivery, the U. S. Postal Service seems to do its best to kill all single packages.

In Maine, most beginning beekeepers will have their first hive die out during the first year. This is an expensive way to learn how to take care of bees, since a hive and the basic beekeeping equipment run about \$100. A three-pound package of bees costs another \$25. Having invested this amount of money, the beekeeper will not harvest any honey the first year, even if the bees survive. So, there are some drawbacks to beginning beekeeping.

Who should keep bees? Well, almost anyone with a sufficient forage within a mile of their beehive can do it. Sufficient forage consists of a minimum of one acre per hive of clover, raspberries or milkeed, followed by a similar amount of goldenrod or asters in the late summer. Most in-town locations are okay since lawns generally have clover, and vacant lots support goldenrod. Although some precautions are necessary to prevent the bees from becoming a nuisance. A ready source of water is needed because bees, in need of generous amounts of water, will visit nearby swimming pools and bird baths in the absence of their own adequate water supply. If the hive is screened with a hedge and given



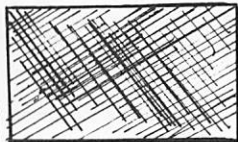
CRAFTWORKS is located in an historic old Universlist church in the center of Bridgton, Maine. Care has been taken to preserve and restore the dignity, grace and simplicity of the spacious church structure and adjacent building that are both well over 100 years old.

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## Landmarks

### Lovell's Olde Country Store

*by Pat White Gorrie*



George F. Bailey was born in 1900 and has been sitting and rocking in the Olde Country Store in Lovell ever since he got too old for the penny candy counter.

"It's always been a great loafin' place," he'll tell you, looking out over his bifocals from beneath bushy red eyebrows.

If anybody can fill you in on the history and flavor of the place, it's George. He remembers when the locals all sat on boxes and counters around the old wood-burning stove, spittin' tobacco juice on its sides and listening contentedly to the sizzle while they swapped tall tales. Sometimes their bull

throwing sessions would begin formally with one of them suddenly announcing, "Liar, salute your king!" Then they'd be off and running to see who could tell the biggest fib, about the buck that got away or the fish that got away or the time someone's life was saved just in the nick.

But ask George if it's really true that the place is haunted, and he'll just look at you blankly and clam up. Maybe the rumor about Barney Walker's ghost was just dreamed up by the management to titillate the tourists, who knows?

The place lends itself to ghost stories,



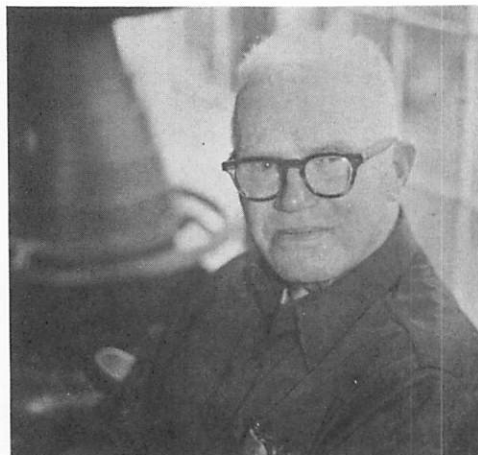


that's for sure. Up in the attic are dozens of coffins, some of them child size. An undertaker once ran his business there and the tools of his trade are still gathering dust. The pine boxes are stashed everywhere, even up over the attic in the rafters, where they have been stored for more than 100 years. A few of the coffins are made of rosewood, somewhat grander and more noble in design than the standard fare — the kind you'd find a Mummy in at a museum of natural history.

Exploring the massive attic with its creaking floors and unexpected trap doors,

you'll come across a huge Chinese winch, used to raise or lower crates of supplies to or from the store down below. One time a case of vinegar slipped from the pulley in transit and splashed all over the downstairs occupants. Old George remembers the men kept chomping on their cigars and barely batted an eyelash, except for "Toadie" Basset's swearing and Seth Hutchins shaking vinegar from his hat and worrying what to do about his soaking wet pants.

In those times, salt pork cost 10 cents a pound, crackers came in barrels and there was a Post Office located in the back part of



*George Bailey*

the store. If the men hankered for a beer on a hot summer's evening, they got around the store rule which outlawed drinking alcoholic beverages on the premises by retiring to the back of the building and crowding into the small area where the postal work was conducted. Since the spot was considered government property, it was not under the jurisdiction of the store, and the men were free to lean on the stamp counter and swill away with complete impunity, happy smiles on their faces.

During prohibition days, many a bottle of Vanilla Extract was downed here in the name of a good time, and empty flavoring bottles still turn up tucked into the store's nooks and crannies.

Besides the undertaking business and the post office, the Olde Country Store, built in 1837 and first owned by "Walker and Bell," has had under its roof a hardware operation, a tobacco shop, a telephone office, and an elaborately decorated second-floor Odd Fellows' Hall. When the Lovell library burned to the ground in 1904, the store subsisted as the town library until the old one was rebuilt.

But a day hasn't passed since the building was constructed that it has not also housed a general store, brimful of cheeses and meats, groceries and old-fashioned candy. Clothes, too, were once sold here, along with bolts of laces and ribbons and linen and cotton so the womenfolk could tend to the family sewing.

The Olde Country Store at one time "owned us all," the old-timers will tell you. Back when Lovell was a big farming and lumbering town, most groceries and staples

would be charged until the crops came in or until those who worked in the woods for a living were able to haul their logs out and sell them to the mills.

Gradually the place became a popular tourist spot and people like Phil Harris, Alice Faye and Rudy Vallee would pass in and out of the store en route to their lakeside cottages. Judge Frederick Dallinger, a congressman from Cambridge, was another well-known customer, as was the president of the Diamond Match Company, William Armstrong Fairburn.

The State of Maine has approved the store as an historic landmark and the present owners, Cliff and Ruth Knight, just recently received word from Senator William Hathaway that the U. S. Department of the Interior has also named the place to the National Register of Historic Places.

Three years ago, the Knights discovered the Olde Country Store, bought it and spruced it up a bit without killing its old-fashioned flavor, and then set up an antique shop, called "Old Thyme Shop," as well as a laundromat called "The Village Pump" alongside the store.

But, the coffins are still in the attic, and Barney Walker's ghost still occasionally creaks across the attic floor. Or is it just the sagging timbers? George F. Bailey still shuffles in, takes a seat in the rocker by the ancient stove, and gazes out the window, pipe in mouth, remembering.

National landmark or no, The Olde Country Store is seemingly ageless, a spot that will last forever in the folklore of Lovell, while the ghosts of horse-pulled coaches and Pierce-Arrows, wait on the roadway outside.



*Ruth and Cliff Knight*

# Homemade



## Memory Kitchen

by Georgia Robertson

My grandmother's kitchen breathed of New England. It was located in the ell of our cape cod house; its woodwork painted a soft pussywillow grey and walls vibrant with flowered paper.

It was a large room and a beehive of activity. Sounds were always a part of it — the bang of a door, the whistle of the teakettle, tick of the clock, the rattle and sneeze of the old hand pump, the crackle of wood in the firebox, and the sweet clear song of "Sunshine," the canary bird.

The room had a lived-in look about it. Red geraniums bloomed on the window sills. A cuckoo clock ticked off the minutes with its pendulum swing while we small fry haggled over who would get to pull up its chains.

The big red separator (the monster which removed the cream from the milk) hogged its share of the room, its many parts waiting to be washed and scalded twice a day at milking time. Since no one volunteered for this chore, straws were usually plucked from the broom, snapped into uneven lengths and drawn to select the unlucky devil to be saddled with the task.

The sink was long and made of a rustfree and practical grayish-black slate, a product of the Monson, Maine quarry. The long, curved handle of the pump at its side provided excellent arm and muscle exercise (little need for jogging or weight lifting in those days).

A long towel hung on a roller behind a nearby door and you pulled it around until you found a clean spot on which to wipe your face and hands.

The floor of wide pine boards had to be scrubbed often with a stiff bristle brush, by hand, to remove all the muddy footprints that were imprinted there. Fine sand and hand-made yellow soap proved excellent cleaning agents. All grease was skimmed and saved to be made into soap. The recipe reads as follows:

- 6 pounds grease
- 1 can babitt's lye
- 1/3 cup sugar diluted with water
- 1/3 cup kerosene

Lukewarm the grease. Add the diluted sugar and kerosene. Slowly mix lye with grease content. Shape into cakes, allow to harden.

Making soap roughened the hands but was an excellent remedy for poison ivy itch.

Odors that wafted from that kitchen were delightful. Delicious concoctions bubbled in pots topside the black "Queen Atlantic" stove. The warming oven, which hung out over the top, held mince, pumpkin and apple pies. Beans, Indian pudding and roasts sizzled in the oven. There was always a jug of molasses in the pantry, along with a barrel of flour, a crock of salt pork, a cask of vinegar and, of course, bins of potatoes and apples.

When the dinner gong rang out, fifteen or

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more of us sat down at the sturdy oval oak table, which was covered with a red or blue checkered table cloth. Together we repeated *The Lord's Prayer*, then dug in. Bottles of fresh milk, squares of home-made butter, piles of hot biscuits and sour whole cucumber pickles were almost always a part of each meal.

After supper, we all gathered around the upright piano to sing in harmony, with my grandmother acting as our accompanist.

In front of the old fireplace, with the built-in ovens which added a pioneer touch to the entire room, "Midget," the black and white mother cat, bathed her kittens with her rough sled of a tongue and purred them to sleep with her lullabye.

A neighbor recently remarked to me that no one is interested in hearing about home-spun memories any more. If this remark is true, it's a bitter pill for me to swallow. For this kitchen molded and shaped my life, providing me with nourishment for body and soul.

Georgia Robertson is a writer and breeder of Arabian horses at Riverwind Farm in North Buckfield.



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by

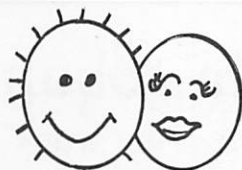
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# Goings On

## THEATRE

SUMMER STAGE AT BATES COLLEGE: will present "The Man Who Came To Dinner" by George Kaufman and Moss Hart, "The White Foxes" by Lillian Hellman, "Skin of Our Teeth" by Thornton Wilder and "Wizard of Oz" adapted by Paul Benedict, at Schaeffer Theatre, Lewiston, July 13-Aug. 27. For information, call 784-2272.

## ART

MARSDEN HARTLEY MEMORIAL COLLECTION: Bates College, Treat Gallery, May 14-June 30. Gallery hours (June 12-Aug. 26): Mon.-Fri., 1-4 p.m.. Free admission.

## MUSIC

STRING NIGHT: Oxford Hills High School Auditorium, Thurs., June 1, 7:30 p.m.

VIKING CHOIR BLUE DENIM CONCERT: Oxford Hills High School Auditorium, Tues., June 6, 8 p.m.

## ETC.

CASCO BAY MARATHON: sponsored by the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company and the Portland Parks and Recreation Dept., Sun., Sept. 17, 9 a.m., beginning outside the Portland Exposition Building and running the 26 miles to the Portland Stadium track. Entry blanks available by writing P. O. Box 3172, Portland, Me. 04104.

FIREMEN'S BALL: sponsored by Bridgton Volunteer Fire Dept., Sat. July 8, 8:30-12:30, Bridgton Academy gym, North Bridgton.

STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL: Bethel Congregational Church, July 8.

MOLLYOCKETT DAY: in Bethel, July 15.

CRAFT FAIR: sponsored by the Bridgton Arts and crafts Society, Sat., July 22, Bridgton Junior High School.

## SPECIALS

WESTERN MAINE ART GROUP: 1978 Calendar of Events: *Paintings and Prints by*

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Allan Gardiner, June 13-July 2; *Craftschool Faculty Show*, Contemporary Crafts and Fine Arts, July 4-16; *Seventeenth Annual Members Show*, July 18-30; *Seventh Annual Sidewalk Art Festival*, Main Street, Norway 9 a.m.-5 p.m., July 22 (rain date July 29). Entry blanks available upon request; *Annual Art Sale*, Art Center, 10 a.m.-6 p.m., July 27-28; *Paintings by Lajos Matolcsy*, August 1-13; *Paintings by Ruth Boynton*, August 15-27; *Celebration Mime Theatre's Community Pottery Program display and workshop*, Sept. 28-30 and Nov. 16-19.

**FOURTH ANNUAL COUNTRY MALL:** sponsored by the Norway Congregational Church, July 12, 10 a.m.; handmade toys, plants, baked goods, special Christmas items.

**PARIS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION'S 75th ANNIVERSARY REUNION**, Sat., June 4, South Paris Grange Hall; reunion hour 4 p.m., banquet 6:30 p.m.

**BENEFIT MOVIES:** *Turning Point* with Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine, and *Living The Good Life*, a new film about Helen and Scott Nearing, to benefit the Fare Share Co-operative Store, June 18, Magic Lantern, Bridgton.

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a sufficient water source, it should never become a neighborhood nuisance.

In this part of the world, it's a good idea to keep a minimum of two hives so that if one dies the surviving one may be split to give two hives again. I had two out of ten hives starve out this winter — a fairly normal ratio of winter kill. This spring, I have split the surviving eight into sixteen hives and, by the time you read this, I should have extracted 600 to 800 pounds of surplus honey.

If you are contemplating keeping bees, courses in beginning beekeeping are given at various locations in Maine during the winter months. Also, most experienced beekeepers are very helpful to beginners. Anyone wishing help or advice should contact the Maine State Beekeepers Association at RFD #1, Bethel, Maine 04217.

As a final note of caution, it's important to remember that beekeeping demands a certain amount of knowledge and entails some risk. Some beekeepers have even been known to get stung.

*Wilson, who lives in Bethel, is treasurer of the Maine State Beekeepers Association.* \*



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## LORE

(The Indians of Maine believe that everything in Nature — beings, plants, stones, etc. — is inhabited by a mysterious power, which spreads out and influences other beings. The Iroquois call it "Orenda," and the Algonquins "Manitou.")

## MONKS OF MANITOU

In mystic mourning, mute they stand  
Heads and shoulders draped in white.

Feet firmly fixed within a land  
That hears, but disregards their plight.

Bowing in prayer, like monks they plead,  
"God grant an ending to the search  
For peace, that all men might be freed."  
Pray On! Snow covered grove of birch.

*Jerry Genesio*

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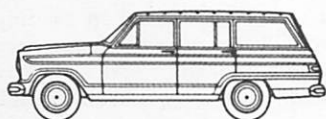
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# Medicine For The Hills

by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

Walk through one of Maine's old cemeteries and look at the gravestones of the children. Their early deaths, the heavy toll of infectious diseases, were not preventable until the antibiotic era began forty years ago.

Last month, in the first part of this discussion of antibiotics, we looked at certain principles governing the use of antibiotics and the possible consequences of antibiotic use. In last month's article, we learned, for instance, that viruses are unaffected by antibiotics; that it is often quite difficult to distinguish viral from bacterial infection; that a specific antibiotic, such as penicillin, will not kill all kinds of bacteria; and that use of the so-called wonder drugs (a name derived from the dramatic increase in life expectancy following their discovery) may result in bacterial superinfection, resistant bacteria, toxic side effects, and needless expense.

This month we will discuss how antibiotics are misused by both doctors and patients.

## Treatment of Untreatable Infections

Too frequently, antibiotics are misused in treating infections, most commonly of a viral nature, which will not respond to antibiotics. A doctor may not take the time to distinguish a viral (untreatable) infection from a bacterial (treatable) infection, or may mistakenly assume that a viral illness is caused by bacteria.

This type of antibiotic misuse also occurs when a doctor acquiesces to patients' demands. Quite commonly, patients will shop around to find a doctor who will give them antibiotics when asked and who will prescribe antibiotics over the phone for any presumed infection. The patient is under the mistaken assumption that he has found a

"good" doctor. But, this misuse of antibiotics only exposes the patient to any of the possible consequences outlined in last month's article. In addition, the length of the viral illness is not altered one bit.

## Treatment of a Fever

Antibiotics are often used to treat a fever under the mistaken assumption that fever necessarily means infection. Although infection is a usual cause of fever, fever may also be caused by arthritis, bowel inflammation, some cancers, and a host of other noninfectious diseases. Even when fever is due to infection, most often the infection will be viral and therefore untreatable anyway. Fever should not be treated with antibiotics until it has been proven that a bacterial infection is the cause of the fever.

## Improper Dosage and Duration

Doctors may err by prescribing the wrong amount of antibiotic for the wrong length of time. The patient may also play a part in this regard by not taking all of the requisite pills prescribed per day or by stopping the antibiotic prematurely when he starts feeling better. For instance, ten days of penicillin or erythromycin is necessary in streptococcal infections in order to prevent rheumatic fever. Commonly, however, patients discontinue the antibiotic as soon as they feel "cured."

## Failure to Discontinue with Reactions

Frequently, a doctor neglects to ask a patient about a history of allergy to antibiotics, and the patient, in turn, forgets to volunteer the information. The results of such neglect run the gamut from a simple rash to, in some rare instances, death from drug reaction.

Antibiotics may themselves be a cause for fever. If this fact is not recognized, the antibiotic which is causing the fever may be continued under the mistaken assumption that it is actually treating the fever, creating a vicious circle, indeed.

In addition, side effects from antibiotics are frequent, varied, and sometimes quite bizarre. They include, in addition to rashes, seizures, sore throats, and massive bleeding problems. If the new problem is not recognized as a side effect, the offending drug will not be stopped.



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### Choosing the Expensive Drug

Many make the mistaken assumption that the more expensive the antibiotic, the more effective the drug. *Such an assumption is more prevalent than one might think.* It results in needless waste of the patient's money and often in the wrong choice of an antibiotic for a particular infection.

For example, in a simple, uncomplicated bladder infection, a sulfa drug may be prescribed for ten days at a cost of about \$2.00. Keflex capsules may also be prescribed at a cost of \$12.00, or Vibramycin at a cost of \$36.00. Of the three antibiotics, Vibramycin, in fact, would be the *least* likely to treat the infection.

Needless expense can also be avoided by choosing the cheapest brand of a given antibiotic. When your doctor prescribes an antibiotic by its chemical or "generic" name, your druggist can then choose the cheapest brand of that antibiotic available. If your doctor prescribes by a trade name, however, the druggist must dispense that particular brand even though another brand available might be much cheaper.

For example, a certain strength of penicillin-G (generic) costs about \$2.00 for

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ten days of treatment. A trade name brand of the same antibiotic costs \$6.50.

Another way to avoid unnecessary expense is to be aware that there is a tremendous variation in the price of prescriptions among the various pharmacies in our area. At four different local pharmacies, the prescription for ten days of a sulfa drug will cost these amounts respectively: \$5.60, \$1.60, \$1.79, \$2.85. Ten days of tetracycline may vary by this much: \$5.00, \$1.59, \$1.99, \$2.15.

### Self-treatment with Leftovers

Just as patients will often take it upon themselves to discontinue an antibiotic as soon as they feel better, they will also "thriftyly" save that antibiotic for the next time around. At the first cough, scratchy throat, or snuffle, they reach for their leftover antibiotic. This means that they have not only improperly treated the first infection, but they are doing the same with the second one, which may greatly cloud further attempts at diagnosis.

### Prophylaxis of Respiratory Infections

Doctors often misuse antibiotics under the mistaken assumption that antibiotics will "protect" a patient from developing a bacterial pneumonia when he has an upper respiratory infection, such as the flu or the common cold. Such "protection," or prophylaxis actually results in the growth of resistant bacteria unaffected by the antibiotic or in the growth of bacteria entirely different from those which normally inhabit our upper airways and which may not only be more dangerous but also resistant to the antibiotic selected. Remember, too, that the false sense of security mentioned last month, which leads the patient to feel "safe" so long as he is taking an antibiotic, may often delay any subsequent medical attention.

### Failure to Take Cultures

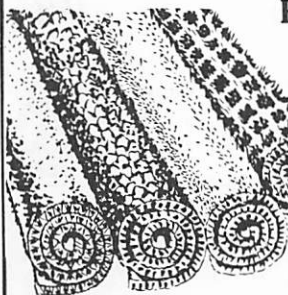
Before antibiotics are begun, an appropriate specimen from the infected site should be obtained and smeared into a medium which promotes bacterial growth. In this way, the bacteria can be identified and tested against a whole range of antibiotics. In two or three days, the type is identified and those antibiotics which will be effective in treating the bacteria become known.

However, it is accepted procedure to take a

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culture, make an educated guess about selecting an antibiotic and begin treating the patient while awaiting the results of culture and drug sensitivity reports. Or, cultures may not be taken at all, and the patient will be treated presumptively.

Usually, the doctor and the patient will get away with this procedure. However, when the wrong antibiotic is chosen, or an unusual and atypical type of bacteria is present, the infection is not treated and proper identification of the bacteria becomes more difficult because of the antibiotics used. Obviously, delay in proper treatment also occurs. In this way, patients using "leftovers" may obscure culture results by treating an infection before cultures are obtained.

We have learned a great deal about antibiotics since their discovery forty years ago. Most of the basic principles of their use have been covered in these two articles on antibiotics. The message has been that all of us, patient and doctor alike, are responsible for proper antibiotic use.

A "good" doctor will not treat a viral infection with antibiotics nor use them to treat every fever. He will think about the associated expense, anticipate possible side effects, and take cultures when suspecting a bacterial infection. He will not liberally sprinkle every patient with penicillin.

In turn, the "good" patient will not hunt for the doctor who will give him a penicillin shot for his cold, will not treat his cough with leftovers, and will take his medicine as prescribed.

Good patients and good doctors — we need more of them.




## OLD MAINER

There was an old Mainer named Cottle  
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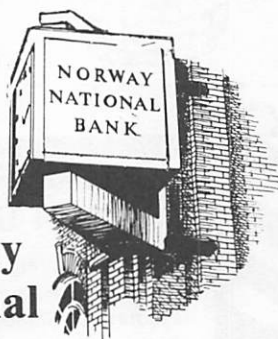
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...Page 13

crews to completely finished houses you just turn the key and walk into.

"The majority of our customers arrange for us to put up the shell and they take care of the rest of the work," says Dick Henderson, operator of the state's sole Alta Log Home dealership on Route 26 in Oxford.

Henderson, who says he was attracted to Alta Homes because of their precision craftsmanship and flexibility of design, suggests that the prepackaged approach "offers the log house to people without any of the problems."

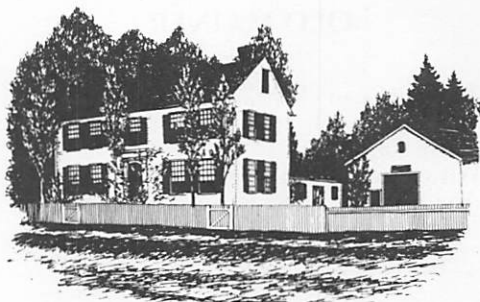
"The building process is really not unlike a toy log home construction," says Henderson, who claims he doesn't discourage even first time builders from tackling the task themselves.

It will take about six to ten days for an experienced crew of four to get the solid pine shell, which is spiked every two to three feet, into place, he says. Even if the owner decides to do the entire job himself, almost all companies offer technical assistance at the start of construction and provide blueprints and building guides.

Once the frame is up, the interior can be finished off by the owners at their leisure.

Being able to live in the place while working on the inside is a distinct advantage over a regular house, according to Henderson. Because the log home's interior walls don't serve as retaining walls, they can be put up and worked on as building progresses.

Other advantages to log home construction which both Henderson and Vermont Log Home dealer Wick Johnson



*Artemus Ward House, Waterford, Maine*



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stress are the structure's requirement for low maintenance and its energy efficiency. Wood, itself, is a natural insulator with an R value that is five times greater than common brick and 15 times greater than stone masonry. Combine the logs with roof and floor insulation and adequate weather stripping and energy demands are reduced by at least a quarter, according to Henderson, who guarantees the heating bills on every home he sells.

Although overall price isn't usually the prime motivation in the choice of a log home, according to Johnson, it nevertheless enters into that decision. For one thing, he points out, the expenses associated with conventional building are greatly reduced with a log home since the whole logs serve as

Page 59

## YOU DON'T SAY

This anecdote concerns a very colorful man who lived in my hometown in New Hampshire. It took place shortly after the advent of the telephone, the old hand cranked type that hung on the wall. This man, initials B.C., was a very prosperous farmer and cattleman; however, he was inclined to use profanity in some form or another in all his speech.

Shortly after he had the new-fangled telephone installed in his home, he was trying to place a long distance call. In those days the Operator was known as Central. After vainly trying to get his party, B.C. finally lost his patience and said, "Oh, Go to Hell, and never mind the call."

His outburst brought on an immediate complaint and B. C. was told by the telephone manager that he would either have to apologize to the operator or have his phone removed.

B. C. promised to apologize and called Central again. When the operator answered, he asked, "Are you the girl I told to Go to Hell?"

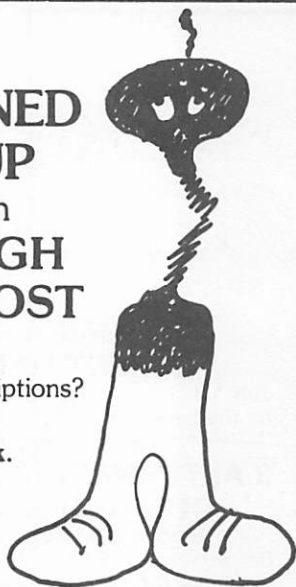
When the girl answered in the affirmative, he said, "Well, you do not have to go to Hell, I am going myself."

Harold A. Bean  
Norway



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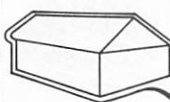
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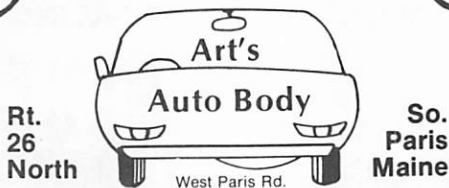
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### BRAINTEASER THREE

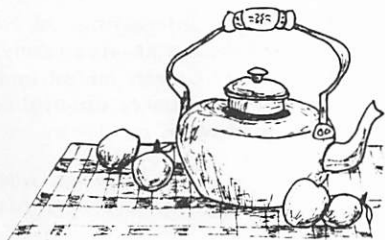
There are five top hats in a room — 3 white ones and 2 black ones. Three men enter the room, see the hats, are blindfolded, and sit down in chairs that are arranged one behind the other. Three hats are chosen at random and a hat placed on each man's head. The blindfolds are removed and, without looking behind, each man is asked what color hat he has on. The last man and the man sitting in the middle both admit they do not know. The man sitting in front, who has seen no hats at all, stands up and says he has a \_\_\_\_\_ hat on.

What color is his hat?

Correct answers to BRAINTEASER ONE were submitted by the following readers: Dorothy Clark, South Paris; Lois Rose, Harrison; Bill McCoy, Casco; John Brown, Lisbon, New Hampshire; Harry Glueck, Oxford; Mike Zarcone, Norway; Joy Miller, Poland. Ethel Blow of Oxford was the first to respond and won a year's subscription to BitterSweet.

To date, there have been no correct answers submitted to Brainteaser Two.

The earliest postmarked correct reply to Brainteaser Three will win a year's subscription to the magazine.



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# Ayah

We consider your comments and suggestions an important means of discovering our readers' interests. Representative and appropriate letters will be published as space allows. Most likely answers won't be necessary, and probably the only response you'll receive will be a most appropriate "Ayah!"

## FINNISH PRIDE

I am very glad to see that someone is doing a series on the Finns. My grandparents, the late John and Elsa (Lehto) Nurmi, came to America, settled in South Paris and brought up my 13 aunts and uncles. I am proud to be a Finn... although only half, it makes me only half as stubborn.

Good luck on the series.

*Sandy Stearns  
South Paris*

## DON'T SUCCUMB

...I sincerely hope that your magazine prospers, and that with prosperity the critical faculties of the editorial staff do not become slovenly, nor succumb to the "pleasure principle" that has led to the homogeneous ills of so many other small magazines.

... Stay well.

*C. H. Baldwin  
Harrison*

## WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT

**BitterSweet** sounds like a great magazine... it brought back childhood memories and a nearness to my beloved state of Maine.

*Ina Stenman  
Menomonee Falls, Wis.*

... The magazine is interesting, on good quality paper, and covers an area rarely, if ever, touched by the *Country Journal* or the *Maine Life*, for which we have subscriptions.

Keep up the good work!

*Olga Mikkonen Gellatly  
Quincy, Mass.*

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... Page 9

could kill him and, during a lull in the fight, challenged Paugas to single combat, repeating just such an oath. Such duels were a time-honored Indian tradition, and both sides agreed to hold their fire for the strange match.

The two adversaries exchanged an estimated 20 shots at each other as they jockeyed for positions in the trees. Finally, both rifles flashed in the pan without discharging, and the two agreed to go to the water's edge to wash their barrels. There is some dispute regarding what happened next — in fact a few people maintain a personal confrontation between the two never took place at all. But most histories of the battle include the incident approximately as follows:

"Quick, me kill you," Paugas is supposed to have said in his broken English, after both had cleaned their guns.

"Maybe not," Chamberlain replied, as they both began to reload. Paugas had the advantage because his bullet rolled easily down the barrel, while Chamberlain was forced to use his ramrod.

"Me kill you now," Paugas said as he lifted his rifle to prime it.

Quickly, Chamberlain dropped his ramrod and struck his gunstock on the ground. The priming mechanism was worn, and the weapon primed itself, as Chamberlain knew it would. He brought the rifle to his shoulder and fired at very close range. Paugas fell dead, with his gun discharging into the air.

The death of the Indian chief caused a lull to settle as the Indians were forced to gather for the ceremonial selection of a new leader. The Rangers used the break to clean their weapons and care for their wounded. Observing that the enemy had left no guards around his troops, Ensign Wyman decided to creep forward in the brush and watch the enemy session.

Wyman watched for as much as a half hour while the Indians pow-wowed and went through ceremonial rites. Then, as the chief-elect stood to address his men, Wyman took careful aim and fired. The new chief slumped to the ground — seriously wounded, if not dead. The Indian meeting immediately broke up, and the young ensign hightailed it back to his position.

The evening quiet found 39 dead Indians on the field, and the remainder disappeared





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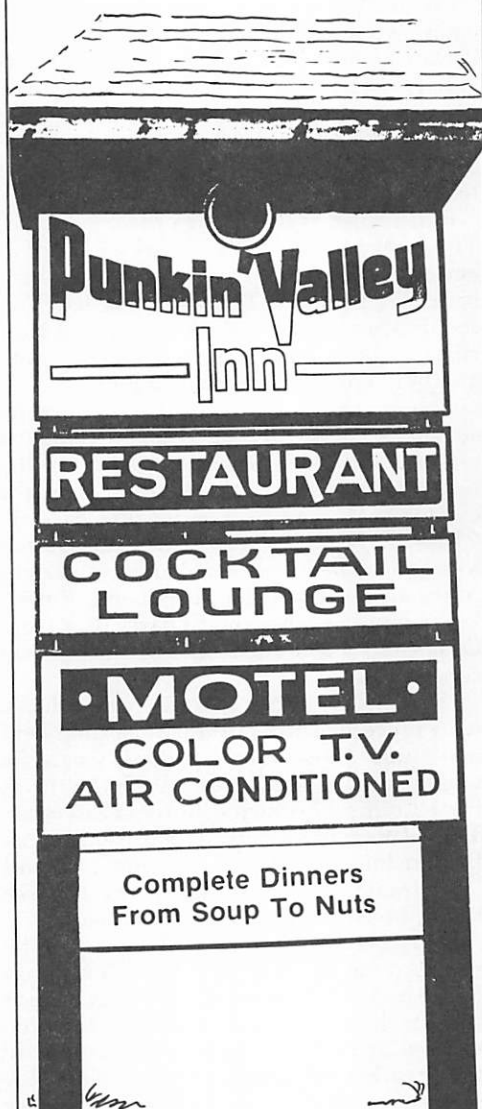
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back into the forest. The Rangers, fearing an ambush or the return of the redmen with reinforcements, did not dare move from the spot they were in. Five hours later, Wyman and another man went forward to scout out the area. They found only the dead, and returned convinced the time had come to retreat.

Of the 23 who were then alive, 11 were badly wounded. Lieutenant Robbins and Private Usher could not be moved. Robbins asked to be left behind with two loaded rifles. "The Indians will come back in the morning for scalps, and I will kill one more of them before they get me," he is supposed to have told the group.

It happened as the young officer expected. The next morning, as the Rangers hurried to get out of the area, they heard three shots back near the pond. They later learned from the Indians that Robbins had fired both rifles, killing one Indian and wounding another. The third shot killed him.

The intentions of Wyman were to get the survivors back to the supply camp at Ossipee, but historians are uncertain of the route taken by the Rangers in their midnight exodus. At dawn, Lieutenant Farwell, Chaplain Frye, Eleazer Davis and Josiah Johnson, all badly wounded and too weak to continue, asked to be abandoned. Ensign Wyman promised to send a party back from Ossipee to rescue them, and the main troop continued on.

Later that day they spotted three Indians, who proceeded to stalk them as they kept marching. Elias Barron told Wyman he would act as a decoy and ambush the three. He set out on his own in another direction. The plan worked, but it apparently cost Barron his life. Though his gun case was later found in the vicinity of the Ossipee River, he was never heard from again.

Ensign Wyman and 15 others reached the supply camp in safety, but to their surprise found it abandoned and empty. They were at a loss to discover why the small fort had been vacated, and would not learn the reason until they reached Dunstable. At this point, they decided to split into three groups, and swore that one Ranger party at least would reach the settlements to the south. As it turned out, they all made it.

The reason for the vacated fort was Benjamin Hassel, a member of the Ranger company who had helped carry Captain

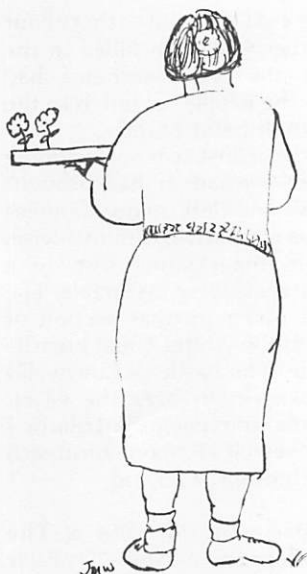
Lovewell into the grove where the ambush took place. In a deposition to Col. Eleazer Tyng when he reached Dunstable, Hassel related how the troop had been hit by "many Indians" and how he decided to flee to the fort at Ossipee and warn the others. To Hassel, it looked like the entire Ranger company would be annihilated. He had arrived at the base camp at about nine the next morning, telling Sergeant Wood and the eight guards that Captain Lovewell was dead and the Rangers likely wiped out by that time. Despite Wood's protest, he wanted to stay and await any survivors. The eight men, along with Dr. Ayer and the sick Benjamin Kidder, decided to flee south at once. They gathered the remaining supplies and left.

In one sense, it was not surprising that Hassel had shown "the white feather," as colonials referred to such an act of questionable conduct. His grandparents, Joseph and Anna Hassel, had been killed by Indians at Dunstable in 1691. An uncle had been taken prisoner by the Indians and never seen again. He saw Lovewell die and the others surrounded and overrun. His idea of leaving the scene as soon as he could probably would have appealed to many men.

Ensign Wyman and three others arrived back at their starting point seven days after the battle, living off small game which they shot along the way. It was not the last battle for young Wyman, who, despite the defeat, had distinguished himself throughout. He was commissioned a captain and presented a silver-handled sword. Some 50 years later, in 1775, he would stand as an old man leading a company of Minutemen, harassing the British on their retreat from Concord.

Wyman accompanied Colonel Tyng and 40 other men back to the pond. There they found the bodies of Captain Lovewell, Lieutenant Robbins, Ensigns Wood and Harwood, Sergeant Fullam, Robert Usher, Josiah Davis, Thomas and Daniel Woods, John Jefts, Ichabod Johnson, and Jonathan Kittridge. They had all been scalped, their bodies picked clean of possessions, and in some cases left naked for animals to gnaw on. They were buried in separate graves at the base of a very large pine near the scene of the battle.

During the summer of that year, several bodies of Rangers roamed the woods as far north as Penacook, New Hampshire, without sighting a trace of Indians.



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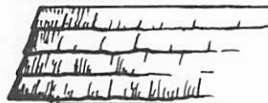
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Pequawkets later told the whites that about 40 of their number had been killed in the fight, and that the tribal sachems had decided to move the people far north to the huge Indian town of Saint Francis.

In all, the expedition lost 16 men, including every officer but Wyman. It had brought home no scalps, and left many families mourning the loss of relatives. Bounty-wise, it was a foolish undertaking. But, in a military vein, the costs were justifiable. The Pequawkets had given up that section of New England, and the whites could breathe easier for a while. The battle of Lovewell's Pond grew in proportion over the years, abetted by ballads and poems attributing heroic feats to Lovewell's Rangers until each of the men was, himself, a legend.

Moorehead, assistant managing editor of *The Maine Sunday Telegram*, first wrote "The Battle of Lovewell's Pond" in 1969 for *Yankee Magazine*, which kindly granted permission to reprint it.



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*Flynn is a freelance writer living in Buckfield.*



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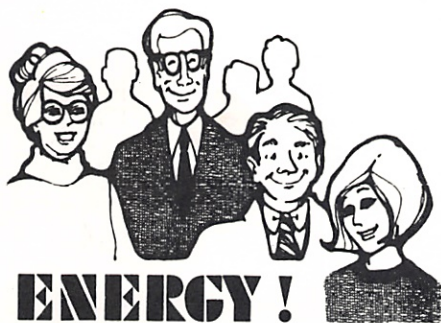
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